CHILDREN AT THE CROSSROADS

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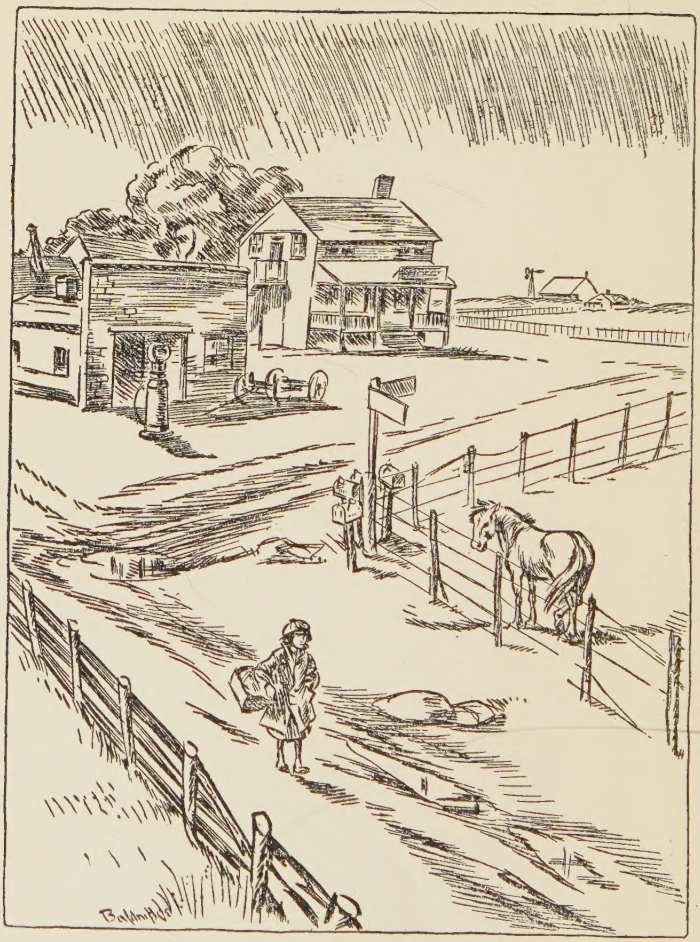

CHILDREN AT THE CROSSROADS

By
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Drawings by
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FOREWORD

COUNTRY life—under its best conditions—offers important advantages to children. To this the large number of country-born leaders in all lines of our national activity bears witness. But many children in the country as in the city grow up unhappy, frustrated, inefficient, anti-social, due to maladjustments that might have been prevented in childhood. For among children everywhere there are victims of neglect and poverty and ignorance, of lack of opportunity and of lack of understanding.

Eight years ago, when the National Committee on Visiting Teachers was created to administer for the Commonwealth Fund a program of thirty demonstrations of visiting teacher work, it soon became apparent that the program would be incomplete without the inclusion of rural school situations. It was realized, however, that such an undertaking would have to be in the nature of an experiment. There were no precedents on which rural visiting teacher work could be based, whereas in towns and cities procedure could be developed largely along the lines of existing work. It was evident that the task in rural re-

gions would differ from that in more concentrated centers. The isolation of some homes, the long distances between homes and schools, the muddy, snowy, or dusty roads to be traversed, the inadequate telephone connections, and similar handicaps in the environment would make the work more arduous and would necessitate less intensive case work and considerable dependence on group programs. Then, too, many of the facilities found in urban centers would be lacking. The schools and hospitals, or the clinics, libraries, social welfare agencies, and other "tools" that might be available for use in treatment would not be so well equipped as those usually found in urban centers. Finally, the tax burden, which rests more heavily on the scattered land-owning populations of villages and rural districts than on the residents of industrial centers, would put upon new workers an urgent demand for early measurable accomplishment.[1]

The Committee was fortunate in the selection

[1] For a more comprehensive account of the work of the visiting teacher, the reader is referred to the following books published by the Commonwealth Fund:

1. *The Problem Child in School:* A non-technical volume presenting the case stories of twenty-six problem children by Mary B. Sayles, with a summary statement on the purpose and scope of visiting teacher work by Howard W. Nudd.

2. *The Visiting Teacher at Work:* A technical volume discussing the nature of the problems handled by the visiting teacher, her methods of procedure in cooperation with home, school, and community, her place in the school system, and the professional requirements for her work, by Jane F. Culbert.

of its three rural centers and in the visiting teachers secured for the work. Each of the visiting teachers had not only the requisite experience in teaching and social work, but also experience in some phase of rural work and acquaintance with rural life. The three centers chosen were situated in counties somewhat more advanced than the average, but not so advanced that they ceased to be representative. Monmouth County, New Jersey, was a center relatively populous in character, with its rural districts interspersed with towns and cities. It had a well-organized county social-service organization with clinical facilities available for the use of the visiting teacher. The visiting teacher there gave a third of her time to Red Bank, a city with a population of 10,000, which contributed its local share to the financial support of the program. Huron County, Ohio, and Boone County, Missouri, on the other hand, presented more typical rural conditions.

In all three centers a marked progressive spirit was evident, not only in the provision of school and community facilities for the benefit of the children, but also in the alertness and open-mindedness of the leaders—lay and professional. In all three centers the visiting teachers worked under the immediate supervision of the county superintendents, who gave unusual cooperation

and personal attention to the work. Because of this spirit, the visiting teachers were able to use their time and energy with splendid results, not only in the lives of individual children, but in the greater understanding of children's problems and of what can be done by teachers, parents, social workers, and citizens generally to prevent or ameliorate them—an understanding which spreads out fan-like in ever-widening circles of influence to touch the lives of many children.

It is an evidence of progressiveness and social-mindedness on the part of the citizens in these localities that Red Bank in Monmouth County has continued a full-time visiting-teacher service since the close of the three-year demonstration, and that Huron and Boone Counties, after five-year demonstrations, have both taken over the work on a county-wide basis.

Toward the close of these demonstrations—after three years in Monmouth County and five years in Huron County and Boone County—Miss Agnes E. Benedict was assigned by the Committee to prepare a volume based on a study of case records and other available data. This book is thus the first to present individual case stories of maladjusted rural children treated by the visiting teachers in the program of the Committee. It supplements in an illuminating way

the case stories and discussions previously presented in *The Problem Child in School*, which deals primarily with children in urban communities. It also serves to illustrate concretely how the technique of the visiting teacher, as described comprehensively in *The Visiting Teacher at Work*, can be adapted to meet the specific requirements of rural school situations. The cases cited have been selected from a large number of similar ones treated by visiting teachers. For obvious reasons, the stories have been disguised. Names and identifiable circumstances have been changed. In each narrative the visiting teacher appears under a different name. The essential facts as to conditions found, methods of treatment followed, and results accomplished have, of course, been retained.

In the preparation of this volume the author consulted practically everyone intimately associated with the work, including the members of the central staff of the Committee in supervisory charge of the rural demonstrations and Miss Sara Holbrook, Miss Della Ryan, and Miss Helen A. Smith, visiting teachers in Burlington, Vermont, Rock Springs, Wyoming, and Oshkosh, Wisconsin, respectively, whose wide acquaintance with rural problems was most helpful. Recognition of the invaluable aid rendered by local school

staffs, local county boards, local service organizations, and interested individuals cannot be adequately recorded, but the Committee wishes to extend its thanks to them and particularly to the following, who were successively in office during the demonstrations: In Monmouth County, to County Superintendents C. J. Strahan and W. M. Smith, to E. C. Gilland, Superintendent in Red Bank, and to Mrs. Emily Leonard Brown and Miss Rhea Kay Boardman, visiting teachers; in Huron County, to E. A. Bell, County Superintendent, and to Miss Elizabeth T. Alling, visiting teacher; and in Boone County, to C. E. Northcutt, County Superintendent, and to Mrs. Janet Davison Baskett and Miss Allie Crews, visiting teachers.

HOWARD W. NUDD, *Chairman*
National Committee on Visiting Teachers

APRIL, 1930

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INTRODUCTION

SOME time before nine o'clock an endless procession of children sets out on a journey, whether over winding country roads, wide, quiet streets of small towns, or the clattering asphalt of large cities. These children are traveling in different ways, to be sure—on foot or whizzing along in buses or jouncing on horseback or rattling in trains or street cars—but all have the same destination—the schoolhouse. The destination is the same, but how different the starting points, varying all the way from prosperous, comfortable homes, with automobiles in garages and radios in living rooms, to bare, forbidding structures, where the struggle to earn a meagre living absorbs most of the family's waking hours; and so on down to the shanty, where squalor and sordidness proclaim that the struggle has been too great. Consider, too, the numberless differences besides these, differences of temperament, of taste, of mental equipment, of background, of family relationships. In this desk sits Betty, from the comfortable home; there is Tom, who has had to work so hard from childhood that he does not know how to play; yonder is Jack from the shanty,

whose father steals and whose brother has been to the reformatory three times. Little Louise over there is hopelessly spoiled by doting parents and grandparents. Martin is looked down on by his brothers because he is slow and overgrown, while Roy has a stepmother who is none too fond of him. So it goes on endlessly—so many children, so many environments.

Consider what it means for these children, leaving behind them such vastly different places, to come together into one room, to sit in exactly similar desks, and, above all, to be expected to conform to the same standards. Thus Louise, though consistently spoiled during her out-of-school life; Roy, who because of his hostile stepmother has come to look with a wary eye on all adults; Tom, who has scarcely played since he was seven years old; Jack, who has seen stealing going on around him all his life—all are expected to display industry, sociability, obedience, consideration, and the rest. And when they do not display these things—when Louise, finding school indifferent, cold, uninterested, is sullen or clamors for attention, when Roy is stubborn or disobedient, when Jack filches pencils and Tom is aloof or quarrelsome—the fault is immediately laid, not to any conditions outside of the child, but to the child himself; "innate cussedness" is

held to be at the root of all the trouble. Attempts are made—through threats, scoldings, admonishings, exhortations, punishment, and the like—to get the children to mend their ways. When they refuse to change, or grow worse, they are simply believed to have more than their share of "original sin."

A change is rapidly coming into the school's attitude on this question, there is a growing appreciation of the great influence a child's out-of-school life has on his behavior in school. The school is realizing that the child has not two personalities, a "home personality" and a "school personality," and that he does not shed his "home personality" somewhere on the road and emerge a "scholar," a child with a school side only, unaffected by what has happened at home. The school is seeing that the child's personality is a unit, that for better or worse both it and the home are working on that personality, are helping habits to be formed, are developing attitudes, and that, for this reason, it is of vital importance that they should not work at cross purposes. Thus the school has decided that it must broaden its work, that it must go back over all those winding roads and clattering streets, must become acquainted with parents, brothers, sisters, and friends of the children. All the forces

working on the child must be studied, and their influence harmonized in every way with the school's, in the interests of the child. This means adaptation on both sides. It means the working out of a plan in relation to both school and home. For example, in the case of Louise, the school must realize that she has been spoiled and treat her accordingly, while her parents are being urged to change their attitude toward her. While Tom is being put in touch with opportunities for play, the teachers will not expect the same responses from him as from the other children. Jack's family will be referred to a relief agency for improvement in the financial situation, at the same time that work is being done with Jack himself. Thus it may be seen that the work is really of two kinds. There is the work of changing the child's external surroundings, such as putting him in touch with recreational agencies, suggesting changes in his school curriculum, finding a group of companions for him, and so on, and there is the slower and more fundamental work of changing attitudes—the child's attitudes and those of parents, of brothers and sisters and playmates.

This work of linking home and school is one which requires special preparation. Social-work training is necessary to one who would help to solve complicated family problems, and corres-

pondingly there is needed an understanding of the school and of its problems. This specially trained worker, who is being added to the school's staff, is the visiting teacher.

In this volume we follow the visiting teacher along winding country roads, roads which lead past white grange halls, small steepled churches, and comfortable farms—past many scattered schoolhouses and through small hamlets and villages—and we learn from the stories of actual children at the crossroads what has been done to help solve their problems.

I

THE RURAL CHILD AND THE COMMUNITY

NARRATIVES

SHOWING THE WORLD

RAYMOND was bad. His was not the timid, half-hearted badness of a follower. Nor was it a habit that had overmastered him, the result of uncontrolled longings or of perverted desires. With Raymond badness was not a means to an end—it was an end in itself, complete and satisfying. Raymond was defiantly, wantonly, aggressively, gloriously bad. His back was up. He told the world just what he thought of it and dared it to do its worst. Raymond violated every law of decency and of order that he knew. Small vices, like spitting, chewing, smoking, and swearing, he had thoroughly acquired by the time he was four years of age, initiated into their mysteries by an adored and brilliant but degenerate father—"he used to be a wonderful doctor, ma'm, he was a Slocum of Rock County"—now in the insane asylum of a distant state.

School Raymond ignored most of the time; when he was present he made the lives of all around him as wretched as it was possible for him to do. His pleasantries extended all the way from whistling and stamping in the classroom to tormenting and hurting the younger children. He would even spit on the little boys and girls. His

sister, slow, unsure, and comparatively stupid—"like my low-class Mammy, she's dead now," as Raymond expressed it—he continually goaded to the point of madness. A motorcycle belonging to an uncle—his mother's brother with whom he lived and whom he despised for being, as he saw it, so far beneath his father in background—Raymond made into a kind of nomadic home for himself, and he tore wildly about the country on this motorcycle by day and by night, particularly by night. Farmers living in the course of those flying wheels were never sure of what wreckage in the shape of blazing haystacks, of broken gates, or of trampled corn Raymond was going to leave behind him.

But the climax of Raymond's badness came in relation to an "aunty," a lady "fond of her liquor," whom his uncle took to himself shortly after Raymond and his sister came to live with him. With the arrival of this "aunty" the boy took his sister and departed, establishing them both in an abandoned farm "up the lane." When his uncle came for them he found the muzzle of a gun pointing at him out of one of the paneless windows. For six weeks Raymond "stood off" his uncle in this manner, running his small household and feeding his sister and himself out of tin cans.

RAYMOND

Of course Raymond's world retaliated by loathing him and by as complete withdrawal as possible. The judge threatened him continually with reform school. His uncle and aunt both begged that he be sent there. The comment of Raymond's teacher, as she referred the boy to the visiting teacher, was, "If you can do anything with him, he's yours."

Miss Cranford, the visiting teacher, remembered Raymond. His name instantly brought to her mind the picture of a proud, pale-faced, undersized fifteen-year-old, whom she had come upon a year previous kicking his heels before the rural schoolhouse. One remark of his stood out sharply in her memory. As she had passed the time of day and pointed to the huge quid of tobacco from which he was peeling a greenish yellow wrapper, he had said, "I can't do without it, ma'm."

During Miss Cranford's first conversation with Raymond after he had been referred to her, she made no attempt to gain information or indeed to secure any particular response from the boy, and consequently Raymond, talking quietly alone and for the first time with someone who neither threatened nor scolded but who seemed to want sincerely to "hear his side of it," turned himself

completely inside out, and confided all his bitterness and resentment to her. After this conversation the visiting teacher came to one obvious conclusion. Raymond must be gotten away. The distinctive requisite in this case was that of distance. He must not simply be gotten away. He must be gotten far away. Miles must be put between the boy and this world against which he had declared war to the death. In a small community like the one where Raymond lived, with few people and little going on, behavior which was "different" in any way stood out in strikingly bold relief. Everything was relatively undiluted. Raymond had indeed been "painting the country red," and against the background of hills and sky and of quiet, steady lives, the red marks he had traced stood out sharply. Raymond seemed to the visiting teacher as conspicuous as the farmhouse where he lived, elevated on a high hill. Wherever he looked he saw familiar faces. They were faces that knew him well, too. Every bad trait, every wild escapade was almost as familiar to these people as to Raymond's uncle and sister. In most cases this familiarity came from bitter personal experience—one man's fence he had demolished, another's boy he had hit on the head, still another's corn he had trampled. Thus there was no one here with whom he could

begin again; no one whom he could fool about his badness. And where he did not see faces there were always the same hills and trees to look at. It should be remarked, too, that Raymond was not incapable of appreciating the beauty of these hills and trees; but because nature so often tends to intensify one's moods, the visiting teacher could imagine their saying over and over to Raymond, "Raymond Slocum is a bad boy, Raymond Slocum is a bad boy."

So it was that sheer distance was important in Raymond's case. He must be gotten beyond the furthest crimson track that he had traced on his wildest ride, beyond the faintest whisper about his badness at post-office or village store. Miss Cranford was convinced, despite the general opinion to the contrary, that he should not be sent to the reformatory—at least not without being given a chance to make something of himself elsewhere. What she had seen of Raymond had made her believe that this was quite possible. She was sure there were many fine things locked up in him, things of which this "badness" was but a mask. She had been interested, too, to ascertain by writing to the place where Raymond had lived that his father's family had, as Raymond had intimated, been one of background and intelligence. His deeds, outrageous as they were from the

standpoint of law and order, had shown qualities of character, initiative, imagination, courage. These qualities turned in the right direction might make Raymond go far. There was unquestionably a greater chance of their being turned in the right direction outside of the reformatory than within it.

The task of finding a new world that would receive Raymond fell to the visiting teacher. Technically, home finding was not her work, but actually with this case, as with so many others, if she was to do what was her work, she must do things which were not; for there was no one else to do them. There was no one to whom Raymond could be "referred" for the work of home finding. And having found a new world for Raymond, having dug up a place where he could begin again, having transported him beyond the furthest outposts of his environment, what then? What would prevent his starting in immediately to trace a fresh set of red tracks? The responsibility bore heavily upon the visiting teacher. She felt the need of help from many co-workers, Big Brothers, recreation workers, and others. She had to do duty for so many, she had to make herself, so to speak, go so far. Moreover, she was almost the only person whose bitter hostility Raymond had not aroused by his actions. It

seemed to her that the sincerity of her personal interest in the case, always vitally important to a social worker's success, was even more important here. This was true partly because of the added way in which she must make herself count and partly because all relations in the country are fewer and are apt to be correspondingly deeper and closer. Thus she knew if there was not to be a real friendship, there could be no work. But while, on the one hand, the visiting teacher must take the place of so much in Raymond's environment, physically there were obstacles. There were miles between Miss Cranford and her "case." And there was more than miles, there was mud, tons of it—rich, black, sticky, uncompromising mud, mud that reached to the hub of her Ford's wheels. Letters must to some extent do duty for personal contact.

And yet, as it happened, these matters of mud and of miles proved the very means of their becoming acquainted. The visiting teacher very circumspectly won the consent of Raymond and of his uncle to the boy's making the change, traversed the county, and secured a possible place with a farmer who "needed a boy to work." After she and Raymond had sought out this farmer together, had encountered the obstacles of a washed-out bridge, and had beaten their way

for miles over fields, fences, through streams, mud, and snow to that farmer's house, to learn that he "guessed he didn't want a boy after all," she felt that an understanding existed between the boy and herself which it usually takes months to build up. She did not get really close to him until the return trip. He had been telling her about a certain very stubborn mule of his, and the visiting teacher had said, "Why, Raymond, I declare you are just like that mule." Raymond had suddenly laughed and from that moment the ice was broken.

They talked at this time and at other times about homes. Raymond seemed to like the subject. And when the visiting teacher talked about a home which had more order, stability, and happiness than the one in which the boy lived, she could tell from the expression on his face that he comprehended, comprehended as well as though the only home which he had known had not been the antithesis of all these things. This comprehension, the visiting teacher commented in her record, surely showed an intelligence and imagination on Raymond's part of no mean order. During every contact she made with the boy she stressed her faith in him, her belief in what he could become. She was trying to present to Raymond a new conception of himself, to

sketch in with bold, strong strokes a picture of possibilities that would completely obliterate the one already so strongly fixed in his mind and in those of his neighbors, of "that no-count, contrary Slocum kid." She found one of her most effective tools to be the Whittier High School. This was about the nicest school in the country thereabouts, its standard of work was high, and the children were all intelligent and belonged to good families. She held that school up before Raymond's eyes, told him that she was trying to get him a chance to go there, what an honor it was to be one of Whittier's pupils.

When at last Miss Cranford did find a farmer and his wife who were willing to take Raymond, it was obviously necessary to enlist help. Raymond could not, without some understanding and guidance, begin over again. There were no agencies, and the number of individuals on whom she could call was small because of the danger of having Raymond's old reputation overtake him. She knew that by far the most important thing in the boy's life would be his school. It was here, after all, that the birth agonies of the new Raymond would take place, and it was here that, once born, the new Raymond would have to learn how to walk and talk all over again. For this reason Miss Cranford realized that the teacher

would be the most powerful influence he would meet. Accordingly, she had a long talk with Miss Wilson, his teacher, explaining much about Raymond and advising that the best course to pursue would be boldly to assume that this probably sulky, uncertain, half-baked stranger would want to fall in with the general program. There was the problem of Raymond's spare time. In the absence of any recreational group to which he could be referred, she decided to lean heavily upon books, advising the teacher to stimulate him to read and to lend him books from the school library.

Miss Cranford's records for this period are thickly interspersed with letters. She quoted, with apparent pleasure, from one letter of Raymond's: "This is a nicer school than the one 'back there.' I think I am going to like it right well." It looked as though Raymond was going to fall into line. The visiting teacher did not let letters, however, take the place of personal contact. Week after week her Ford plowed through the mud between her office and the Whittier School. She asked one of the finest boys, on whom she could rely, to make friends with Raymond. She asked the nephew of the district attorney to "keep an eye on him." She herself maintained a continual oversight, alert to any signs of trouble.

One day there came a complaint from Mr. Rice, the farmer with whom Raymond was staying. Money left for the hired man had been missing from a neighbor's porch. The same neighbor said he felt sure Raymond had been taking out his horse and riding it afternoons when he was away. Miss Cranford found that the boy was being given no spending money. When he went to town he frequently met some old friends, and fifty cents, as he said, just "walked right out of his pocket in no time." The visiting teacher urged Mr. Rice to give Raymond a small weekly allowance with no questions asked. She tried to meet the problems of recreational needs by asking the teacher to supply him with more reading material. To Raymond, who denied taking the money but admitted riding the horse, she showed the necessity for not seeming to handle other people's possessions.

In one of her talks with his teacher, Miss Wilson, she learned that Raymond really was falling into line. He was making good in his lessons and in school sports; and one day, when one of the little boys was having trouble with his spelling, Miss Wilson said he completely astounded her by muttering gruffly, "Leave him to me, I think I can help him." Miss Cranford attended a school debate, at which a very shy but

alert and interested Raymond debated the subject of cooperative marketing with a team from another class. A letter to the boy, written about this time, contains the following passages: "Dear Raymond: I just had to write you how proud I was of you and Alex in your debate the other day. It wasn't just that you won. You had a hard subject and handled it splendidly. One thing that makes me feel very happy, too, is that I just knew you had all this in you, all the time, but of course it took you to prove it to me. Miss Wilson says such fine things about your work and about your attitude in school, and of course every time she says nice things about you, I am very glad."

There is one thing of which a visiting teacher, whether working in the country or in the city, can be pretty sure: a child's development and growth will not be an orderly progression toward a goal. The one thing she expects is disappointment, backsliding. Raymond's case was no exception. As summer approached he became discontented at the farm home where he lived. He said that Mr. Rice was mean. Mr. Rice, in turn, said that he found Raymond difficult in many ways. Miss Cranford urged the boy on the one hand to appreciate the advantages he had, and on the other, begged the farmer to be patient.

It was about this time, too, that she began working on the question of Raymond's attitude toward his family, particularly toward his sister. Her record says, "V. T. had numerous talks with Raymond on the subject of his family, against which he is very bitter and of which he is inclined to feel ashamed. V. T. had discussed certain circumstances of his uncle's life, attempting to give him some understanding of the effect the things his uncle had been through must have had upon him, believing that any sort of sympathetic feeling was better than bitterness." She carried messages about Raymond back and forth between the boy and his sister, and told Raymond she was so glad that every time his sister asked about him she could say, "Raymond is just fine."

However, her efforts to hold Raymond to his living arrangements failed. In the summer he walked out and refused to go back. The visiting teacher dreaded what might happen during the vacation period. She learned with apprehension that Raymond had left the Rices' farm "because it wasn't good enough"; that he had left Morrison's general store "because he wouldn't work for more than eight hours a day"; that he threw up a job selling soft drinks at a roadside stand because he "hated the boss." One thing, however, kept her relatively optimistic—with all this

throwing up of jobs and instability, he never once went "back there"; he never sank into the old life.

Raymond was one of the first people Miss Cranford looked up in the fall. She realized that the time had now come when he could take more responsibility for his own affairs. She realized also that a little practical advice would be advantageous at this point. Raymond informed her that he wanted a "nice house" where there was a radio, books, and "where the folks were brainy." "I don't want to go where everybody is ignorant." Miss Cranford immediately made it plain to Raymond that it was a good idea to have high ambitions, but that under the circumstances he was too "choosy." She talked to him seriously about using his opportunities and about the inadvisability of wasting her time; making clear that while she was deeply interested in him it was not fair to other children or to the county that was paying her salary, to put so much time on one boy who was able to do such a lot for himself if he made up his mind to. She felt that for the first time he saw the necessity of thinking things out independently.

Shortly after this talk one of those rare pieces of good fortune came to the visiting teacher and to Raymond. Mrs. Ralston, the wife of a state con-

gressman in a nearby county, president of the local parent-teacher association and a socially minded person, telephoned to say that the boy's story appealed to her and that she would try him out. Miss Cranford immediately saw his guardian and made the necessary arrangements. One vitally important, though seemingly unimportant detail, was clothes. A new outfit of clothes would undoubtedly be a big help to the boy in bridging the gap between the old environment and the new. The visiting teacher realized forcibly how great this gap was when Raymond, as she mentioned night clothes among the items to be selected, asked what they were, and on receiving an explanation said, "Well, don't let's waste money on those." She met him at the station. This was to be Raymond's first train ride. She was interested to find this boy, who for six weeks had "stood off" his uncle with a gun, waiting shyly in the station and begging her to tell him how things would be on the train. "When will the conductor come? How shall I know my stop?"

This new home proved indeed to be Raymond's "big chance." From the time he entered it he went rapidly forward. He got a job in a tree nursery. The visiting teacher learned later that his boss used to laugh over the length of time he took to clean up after work. He grew very

tall and gained twenty-five pounds. The reports about him from school grew better and better. One day the boy's sister Mamie, whom the visiting teacher had also placed in a boarding home, came delightedly to the visiting teacher to say that Raymond had been put on the school debating team "to debate against other schools." Raymond wrote Miss Cranford that he "guessed he'd go to law school." Mrs. Ralston wrote the visiting teacher that he had won a place for himself among the young people in the community and that she felt sure, with this pleasure in being respected and liked, he would probably take root there. She had two complaints to make of Raymond. She did not feel that he took the right attitude toward his sister. He did not seem the least bit interested in seeing Mamie, resisted the idea of going to visit her or of having her come to see him. The second difficulty was his fondness for tearing around the country to football games in a broken-down Ford that he had bought. However, the Ford had completely collapsed after the last trip, and she felt hopeful that there would be no more. The visiting teacher explained that this attitude toward the sister was wrong, of course, but that she felt it might do more harm than good to try to bring the brother and sister together prematurely. She believed it would be helpful

for Raymond to see how much his sister had changed, so suggested that Mamie have her picture taken to send to him. Miss Cranford could not help smiling to herself over the Ford trips, the last faint echoes of those lurid escapades on "my uncle's motorcycle." In one of her later letters to Raymond, Miss Cranford, after giving various items of news, said:

"Your last letter was a real satisfaction to me, and Mr. Willey [Raymond's guardian] was in a minute the other day and also felt good to think you are doing so well. You remember how, a long time ago, we talked about the kind of man you wanted to be, and the sort of home you hoped to found when you were able? Well, it is a real pleasure to me to think that you are living in just that kind of home now, getting the very *practice* that will make you sure of success later on. I know Mrs. Ralston must feel as I do, that we want for you the same sort of thing that we value most highly for ourselves; and surely a boy can't get a richer wish than that. The confidence that you and Mrs. Ralston must have in each other to 'make good' together, is a thing I am very sure of, and very proud of, Raymond.

"A valentine—if it's a real one—must be personal, that's why I have written the above. A letter from you always makes me happy, so I hope to hear from you soon.

"Your sincere friend"

"GETTING CAUGHT"

FANNY felt if only Grandma did not talk so much, it would be better. So much and so fast. And if she would only not bring out her words just like that—jerk them out like hammer blows. And if she would not say the same things over and over endlessly—and not rock back and forth endlessly while she said them. Just now, Grandma was saying: "You know, Fanny, you just don't like Mary Margaret. You never did. Never did like her. I just think you wish there'd never been no Mary Margaret *a* tall. Never been any little sister. You just wish you'd been all there was. Just you and your father. Your father spoiled you. From the beginning. Awfully bad. I don't know how you ever got like this. But this is the way you are."

Fanny bit her nails and stared into space. There was no use trying to stop Grandma when she got wound up like this. One could only wait for the long wheezy breath that would precede a fresh outpouring. "The Lord knows I've tried hard to do right by you. After raising five children, and with all this store to look after, bringing you and Mary Margaret here and looking out for you.

And look at Mary Margaret, she's as different from you as night is from day. She's a good child all the time and helps me with the work. All the time she's a-helping me. And you know it. And what do you do? You just go your own way. Won't so much as wipe a dish. You're getting wilder and wilder. There's no telling where you'll end. No telling *a* tall. I'm worried crazy. The neighbors are noticing. You can't say I haven't talked at you. All day I talk. And always the same thing. I tell you over and over where you'll end up if you keep on. Tell you how girls are bound to end up if they aren't careful how they get free with boys. Don't we talk about this all the time, Fanny? Don't I tell you you are bound to go too far some day? Too far and get caught? When you do, don't say I didn't talk to you about it."

And with this, Grandma strode out of the room, banging the heavy door after her. "Just like a jailer," said Fanny to herself. "That's what she is, too." Fanny stared at the spotless "parlor" in which she was sitting, with whose spotlessness she had had nothing to do. This room, with its stiffly ruffled "doilies," lovingly ironed by Mary Margaret, its grim "grandma and grandpa" frowning out of shining gold frames—it was a prison. Looking out through Grandma's

elaborate lace curtains, Fanny's eye could take in at a glance most of the little town of Asphodel, where four years ago she and Mary Margaret had been brought sobbing by their father. Asphodel —Jeff Cartwright's gas station, the ramshackle post-office, the little cluster of houses—it was a prison, too. Just a prison.

Asphodel was twelve miles—twelve miles of what was a good share of the time seething, slippery, sticky, treacherous mud—from anywhere. It was as completely shut off by that mud as were towns in olden times by their high surrounding walls. About it hung that air of deadness and of desolation that so often seems to pervade these remote communities. Drummers sometimes swaggered up to the door of the tiny hotel, a few errant automobilists sometimes wandered in and then turned around to go out again—that was all. No one else. Asphodel had not found it necessary to provide good times for its young people. The town was utterly bare of books, of playgrounds. There were no clubs. There was not even a movie house. As is so often the case under these circumstances, the young people provided activities for themselves. "It's terrible the way the boys and girls carry on over at Asphodel," commented a teacher. "That's the worst place for miles around here. You're always hearing some new

story about their disgusting goings-on. The latest one that came from Sil Grosset is awful. . . ."

It was to these swift, stolen, wicked, and delicious pleasures that Fanny was escaping from her prison walls. And it was these escapes that so shocked and disgusted Grandma. The firmer the hold these pleasures took on Fanny, the faster and faster did Grandma talk, the harder did she rock. Finally Fanny gave up sitting silent and biting her nails during these tirades. She began tossing her head, stamping her foot, and flouncing out of the room. After a while, Fanny began talking too. All right, if this was bad, she was going to *be* bad. Good and bad. Were the neighbors talking? Well, let them talk. Fanny hoped they would. Talk their heads off. She would give them something to talk about. She would go the limit. Be worse all the time. She hoped she would disgrace everybody—Grandma, Mary Margaret, and her father. Anyway, it would be better than this, this sitting and sitting and rocking and rocking and fussing. In time Fanny developed conversational propensities that rivaled Grandma's own.

Things went on like this until a certain night. It was a wonderful night. Fanny always believed that, even afterward. They were giving a dance "over to Pearson's," the kind of dance Grandma

said was "just a fine place for some girl to get caught at with all that riff-raff coming down from the hills." But Fanny thought it would be glorious—even worth risking breaking your ankle for, jumping down from the back porch to escape, worth risking "getting caught" for. And it *was* glorious too, a smooth waxed platform stretched out right under the trees by the road near Pearson's old saw mill, the soft red and yellow glow of lanterns swinging on the branches, swaying music, moving, laughing people, with the laughter growing louder and shriller as the gin flowed more freely. This night proved, indeed, all too glorious for Fanny. The next day at three she and one Bert Thomas and Dorothy Dodge and Sam Wheelock faced a juvenile court judge.

At two-fifteen a certain Miss Barstow was tearing over the road toward the county-seat after Fanny, swaying, jerking, sliding, rocking, skidding, trying to keep her Ford's nose pointed in one direction and to make it hold the road at fifteen miles an hour so that she could get there in time for Fanny's hearing. She didn't. She reached the court house just in time to introduce herself to Grandma and Fanny and Mary Margaret, who were sitting in an ancient Ford ready to start back to Asphodel.

The two girls looked strikingly alike, Miss Barstow thought to herself, with their wavy chestnut bobs, vivid coloring, and frank faces. Only Mary Margaret's eyes were just a little lighter in color, her expression was a little gentler, her chin a little softer and rounder. And while Miss Barstow was thinking about Fanny and wishing very much that the teacher had telephoned her fifteen minutes earlier, Fanny was feeling rather than thinking about the visiting teacher. If she could have put her feelings into words, they probably would have been to the effect that some way the grey eyes of that lady did not seem to belong to a grown woman at all, they seemed some way young, as young as her own. Miss Barstow said she would come out soon to see them.

Grandma spent the time on the way back very efficiently discussing the reformatory. "Don't know why you got off this time. Guess it was because the judge was sorry for me, just sorry for me. After all I've had to bear. But you'll sure get it next time. That's where you'll end." After a while Fanny could fairly see the grim red walls waiting for her, could feel the coarse blue denim dress—like everybody else's dress—could feel herself trailing the shame of being a "reformatory girl" after her all her life.

Miss Barstow did come out to see Fanny, though bad roads and pressure of work kept her from coming till more wild escapades had brought the reformatory still nearer. The visiting teacher found the girl at home alone. All Fanny could think of was how different this lady seemed from Grandma. Miss Barstow talked, after a little while, about the very things Grandma talked so much about, about boys and girls and men and women, and about their relationships. Only how differently she talked. She didn't make it seem ugly and terrible and dangerous and mysterious and wicked at all. There was a point to it all—it was quite nice, even lovely, as Miss Barstow presented it. It was all in how it was used, in what it was for. "So many ugly things are beautiful things in disguise," said Miss Barstow.

Fanny did not know that the visiting teacher went straight from her house to that of her school teacher, Miss Otis. Nor did she know how much Miss Otis' added interest and praise of her really good school work was due to Miss Barstow's talk; or that cooking and sewing were given to the girls of Fanny's class because Miss Barstow had suggested it. She only knew she began to like school better.

Mr. Waller, Fanny's father, had the narrowest forehead Miss Barstow had ever seen, and below it a pair of honest, steady, tired, and not very intelligent eyes. Mr. Waller was one of those people who work out immediate solutions for everything. He had a solution for his daughter, a beautiful solution. What Fanny needed was a lesson. Just a good lesson. Reform school. That was it. That would knock all the wildness right out of her. Two years of it and Fanny would come out just made over. To the faintest suggestion along the line that to change habits like those Fanny had acquired was a matter of time, he responded by a wave of the hand and a brief "Oh, Fan can behave if she takes a mind to. She's just contrary."

In the difficult work of dislodging this plan from Mr. Waller's mind, Miss Barstow felt that she would have to enlist help. Accordingly, a few days later, a three-cornered conference was held, in which by means of persuasion and some stern talk from the juvenile court judge, Mr. Waller was led to agree that Fanny should be placed in a home by the visiting teacher. The persuasion was along the line of showing him that Fanny could not break off her "wild" ways simply by making up her mind to do so, and that,

if the girl was to be committed to a reformatory, it would have to be until she was eighteen or twenty-one. The judge told Mr. Waller that either Fanny would be given one more chance or she would be committed immediately and for five years.

During the period while the visiting teacher was combing the county in search of a temporary home for Fanny, she had many and serious talks with Mr. Waller. She spent so large a share of her efforts on Fanny's father because she felt that in appealing to his real affection for the girl lay Fanny's only chance. He had taken up his residence with Grandma, and a first-hand contact with his daughter had had a most salutary effect upon him, at least so far as bringing him to a realization of some of the things involved in making the girl over was concerned. To the visiting teacher's horror, however, his immediate reaction was to adopt Grandma's repressive disciplinary measures and to follow her example in cracking the whip of the reformatory threat. The visiting teacher talked very earnestly about this. "You and your mother have tried one way of handling Fanny, and you must admit that it has not brought results," she said. "Now try another. Try letting up on the scolding, and get your mother to give up nagging. Try the change

just for a while and see if things are not better. Just see how a different plan will work out. Every time you think of threatening Fanny say something encouraging. Just see how Fanny acts when you make her conscious of your affection, when she feels that you are trying to make her happy. You know Asphodel's not the best town in the world in which to bring up a girl. As to threatening her with the reformatory, please tell her for me, that, if there is any possible way of avoiding it, she is not going to the reformatory. Tell her I am trying to find a place where she can be happy and have a chance to be decent." Mr. Waller agreed about letting up on the reformatory threat, but he was slower about giving up the scolding and punishing. One day, however, Miss Barstow saw a chance to pierce through his opposition. Mr. Waller was reminiscing about his boyhood.

"I had the consarnest aunt that ever lived," he said. "Aunty Belle. My, she was fierce. Licked the daylights out of me for anything I did. Nothing suited her."

Miss Barstow led him on to discuss Aunty Belle for some time, and the many incidents that seemed still fresh in his mind. As he was leaving, she said casually, "I wonder if it could be at all this way with Fanny." From the expression on

Mr. Waller's face she felt sure the point had struck home.

A few days later Fanny was surprised to see her father lift a heavy package out of his car and say, "Books for you from Miss Barstow." As she took them from him, he said, kicking the wheels of the car with his heavy boot in a rather embarrassed way, "Say, Fan, how about you and me and Mary Margaret's going over to the Baptist social tonight?" Fanny's eyes lighted up.

"But Grandma says those parties keep you out terrible late."

"Well," said her father, with a sly wink, "you and I are younger and spryer than Grandma. Besides," he added, "something's coming to you for the good work you've done in school. Suppose you put on that pink dress and get ready quick before supper."

Before pulling the pink dress over her head Fanny looked at her books. She found *Captains Courageous*, *The Book of Golden Deeds*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, and *Wee Willie Winkie*. Fanny went with her father and sister to the Baptist social despite Grandma's protests, and they had a good time. She loved her books, which she returned carefully wrapped in a piece of fiery red denim. She also

received friendly letters from Miss Barstow. One of them read in part as follows:

"I was looking over your fine grades the other day. You must surely be proud of them. I suppose, of course, you will go on to high school. If I can help you, either in planning a course or in any other way, please be sure to let me know. But whether I can help you or not, I hope you will write me a little letter telling me what you are going to do, for I feel very much interested in your success in the future. Very sincerely your friend."

Fanny replied as follows:

"I was very glad to get your letter. It is nice to know you are thinking of me. I like high school a lot. I think I will like general science the best of my studies. Any time I need any help I will write to you for I feel like you would be willing to help me. I am always glad to hear from you. Your friend."

After a time more books arrived, and a little later a copy of the poem *If for Girls*, attractively framed, which was sent by Miss Barstow, took its place between the solemn grandma and grandpa on the parlor mantel. Fanny liked the first part of the poem the best, and she read it often:

"If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight,
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
But of the gentler graces lose not sight;
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,
Play without giving play too strong a hold. . . ."

As time passed things went so much better with Fanny that Miss Barstow began to wonder if placement would be necessary. With this case as with so many, the child's problem was really the grown-ups' problem, and with the adjustment of Mr. Waller's attitude, the lessening of Grandma's naggings, and the provision of more activity for Fanny, the girl's conduct improved markedly. The thing which finally decided Miss Barstow to give up her hunt for a home was Mr. Waller's decision to move himself and the girls to Caligula, a little town about ten miles from Asphodel, a very different little town. Caligula was clean, white, and busy, located on the railroad line, and very proud of its brand new community house and of its single social worker. The latest word that has come from Fanny is that she is to be married to a nice boy of whom her father approves. "I think I will be more contented now," wrote Fanny to the visiting teacher.

CHIVALRY IN THE CLAY PIT

YOU go three miles out of Morris on the Maple Valley road, take the left turn at the cross-road, and follow the lane that leads past the deserted quarries, plod for about a quarter of a mile through thick, gummy clay, go down into a little hollow, and you come spang up against Tim's house. The chances are you also come up against several huge and savage dogs that lunge down at you from his yard. There is nothing at all around Tim's house—that is, nothing but the quarries and some apple orchards and a cemetery and some clay dugouts. The house is not small. It is one of those large affairs that once had an air but now presents paintless decaying timber, gaping windows, carpetless floors, and filthy rooms through which chickens and ducks are often to be found casually strolling. There are nine children. Mrs. Noonan is forty-six and looks sixty, with skin like parchment and quantities of uncombed broken white hairs that escape from the knot at the back of her neck and hang like a fine mist about her face. She is usually clad in a man's disreputable coat over a torn cotton kimono and a pair of her husband's shoes. She came from a

good family in Ireland and will tell stories of lace making on a prosperous tenant farm, of being an under-servant, even a housekeeper. Whether she is feeble-minded or whether every spark of life has been put out in her by two decades with an intemperate, sullen hulk of a husband—trying to pit her claims of food and coal against his ever increasing thirst—the visiting teacher could never tell.

About five miles away, on the macadam road to West Gilford, is the consolidated school of the Gilford township. Gilford school is the pride of the township, with spick and span white paint, shining windows, rows of neat desks, and an orderly playground. Each morning at eight-thirty Tim and his brothers go forth from their home to the school. They are expected to traverse the physical distance between the two environments at the expense of the township, and to bridge the spiritual gap by their own unaided powers. In Tim's case, this was expecting too much. He was referred to the visiting teacher for "wildness," "dissoluteness," and for continued misconduct.

From his reputation, the visiting teacher fully expected a great lowering brute to darken the door of her office. She frankly expressed to Tim her surprise. "Why, Tim, you're little, you're wiry. And you're clean." She smiled. He smiled

TIM

back. She saw a keen pair of Irish gray-blue eyes size her up in a flash.

"I washed my own shirt this morning, ma'm."

"And ironed it?"

"Sure."

"Now what's the matter, Tim?"

"They're going to expel me, Miss Knox."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing." He shifted his foot. "Nothing."

"What's this about your running away from school all the time? Why do you hate school?"

"Sure I hate it. They say they want me here. Make me come. And when I come all they does is yell at me. The kids don't like me. Say I don't smell good." He paused a moment. "They make fun of what I wear to gym, Miss Knox, I ain't got no real suit."

"Now, Tim, there's something contradictory here. You say the teachers 'yell at you'; and they're telling me about you all the time. Tell how you won't do your work though you're well able to. Say you make lots of trouble for them in class. Only today I heard you squirted water over the room."

A momentary light leaped into Tim's eyes. He leaned forward. "I sure get their goat, Miss Knox." He counted on his fingers. "Miss Ellis, Miss Wheeler, Miss Terry, Miss Edmonds, Miss

Rollins—all of 'em had to send me out of their rooms today."

Miss Knox looked straight at Tim. "You really don't think they pick on you, do you, Tim?"

"No, Miss Knox."

"Do you think if you were in their shoes you'd do the same as they do?"

"Sure, I guess I would."

They talked on for some time of this and that. Miss Knox found that in addition to hanging around the pool hall in Morris and annoying the teachers, there were two things that Tim loved—reading and gardening. He spent many hours in the Morris library. When asked what books he liked he replied, "Oh, anything. I like books about traveling. And say, I think *Treasure Island's* just grand." His face brightened too as they talked about planting vegetables. She found he knew lots about different kinds of soils. His uncle had a farm, and he used to help when he visited there. Miss Knox thought of the gleaming little conservatory that bulged out on the side of the school, of the very good agricultural course offered. "Don't you want to come to school for the agriculture, Tim?" she asked.

"They don't let me in there," replied Tim. "Only eight graders."

Shortly after her interview with Tim, and before any definite plan could be formulated for him, Miss Knox learned from the school nurse that the boy's fears about being expelled were justified. The nurse advised her to scratch Tim's name from her list of cases. The teachers had decided in conclave assembled that some things were beyond all human bearing, and that Tim was one of those things. They were going to ask the principal to request him to go home and to stay home. Miss Knox suggested that possibly demoting might be a greater punishment than expulsion, but asked that the matter be settled irrespective of her, and that they let her know if they wished her to go on with the case. She was told later that the teachers had reconsidered, and would allow Tim to remain. They wished, however, that he would apply for working papers.

Miss Knox immediately saw the district superintendent. She set forth her point of view that it was vitally important to Tim's future that the door of the school should not be closed to him at this time. He was wholly unprepared to support himself, she pointed out, and, thrown back on the evil influences of his family, he would be more than likely to drift into bad ways. The superintendent admitted she was right, and agreed that

Tim had better stay, at any rate if his behavior improved sufficiently so that the principal and teachers could possibly stand him.

The visiting teacher reflected on a possible solution for Tim. It took no great amount of thinking to determine what were some of the therapeutic measures which should be applied in his case. She would have liked to refer him to a recreation center for its swimming pool; to a class in a settlement; to a Scout Troop for the hikes; to a family agency for the handling of the economic problem and the father's drunkenness. But Tim's "community"—the part of it that was close enough to serve any practical purpose—consisted of that crossroad, a low building which was post-office and store combined, a white Grange hall, and a diminutive railroad station. Somehow out of those things, out of those things and that ugly yard, those clay dugouts and the apple orchard, she must find a solution for Tim. Out of these things she must wrest some of the sparkle and gleam of life that Tim's whole being was so desperately craving—to get which he had been willing to toss aside his education.

How was she to do it? She wondered if that agricultural course did not offer some hope. She had a long talk with the teacher of agriculture,

telling him about that dingy gray house beside the quarry, about the things that made up Tim's daily life outside of school—poverty, quarreling, drunkenness, and brutality. She said that Tim came from that house to school to find himself in a world of books—of books and of children who said he smelled and who laughed at his gymnasium suit. She said he was expected to be busy, industrious, quiet—learning arithmetic out of arithmetic books, history out of history books, grammar out of grammar books. Would the school be willing to use some of its resources on Tim's behalf? She felt that in a way this was coming to the boy. His interest in agriculture was genuine—in fact, she thought perhaps he might offer a more genuine interest than most of the children to whom the door of the conservatory was opened.

Mr. Morrison, the teacher, said it would be impossible to let Tim take agriculture. Would he then, asked Miss Knox, consider helping the boy with agricultural projects outside of school? Would he interest himself in Tim, and visit the boy at his home? Mr. Morrison said the difficulty of getting to Tim's house would be serious, but that he was interested and would see what he could do.

But there was no time to work out this plan before Tim and his school came again to the part-

ing of the ways, and Miss Knox had to exert all her energies to hold them together. Tim had been somewhat better for a week after his talk with her, and then during recess one day a friend who drove a moving truck between Gilford and Morris had whistled to him a Pied Piper whistle, which had been too much. Tim had been over the wall before any one could stop him.

This time it seemed hopeless. The school principal, an extremely intelligent man sincerely interested in the welfare of the children in his school, made up his mind definitely. The school, the teachers, the other children had had enough of Tim. There would be no other chance. Miss Knox put forth all her efforts in fighting for Tim's chance to stay. She told the principal she believed the boy had possibilities. Mr. Edwards replied that he had had every chance to manifest these. She reminded him of the facts she had given him before about Tim's home surroundings. This, too, had no effect. Mr. Edwards admitted that he had been appalled at the things she described, the existence of which neither he nor any of the teachers had known anything about. He was, however, entirely unmoved as to his decision. He argued that it was all most unfortunate. It was doubtless in no sense Tim's fault. The boy was the outcome of his environ-

ment. He was handicapped, he was pitiful, but the fact remained, he was as he was. He was a bad influence in the school. He could not change his parentage. His handicap must be regarded like any other handicap—for instance, a physical defect. The great point on which Miss Knox and Mr. Edwards disagreed was whether it would be possible to relieve the situation. She saw this situation as something that might be cured, as a changing, growing thing. He saw it as static, hopeless. They talked literally for hours, and always came around to that same point of difference.

Finally, Miss Knox discovered one way by which she could win a reprieve for Tim. She put the boy up to Mr. Edwards as a sporting proposition. They disagreed about him. Would Mr. Edwards gamble on a chance? Would he give Tim a month's trial with one friend in the school? Mr. Edwards not only agreed to take up her proposition, but he proved himself an excellent sportsman. The school would go more than half way. All the odds were to be in Tim's favor. Miss Knox at once told him about the matter of the gymnasium suit, which was considered important, and Mr. Edwards said Tim should be provided with a suit out of a school fund. When, however, Miss Knox suggested this possibility

to Tim, he grinned an embarrassed grin, scraped his foot along the floor, and said, "Oh, nah, I don wanta do that, Miss Knox." Accordingly it was arranged for Tim to help around the school in little ways to pay for his suit.

Week by week as Miss Knox went to see Tim in his home she saw results of the agricultural teacher's work. In the windows were boxes filled with earth which in time became dusted over with tender vegetable shoots. Mr. Morrison, the teacher of agriculture, however, reported that his wife was not well, and that it was extremely difficult for him to make the trips to Tim's house. He had either to go for four miles by a macadam road or to take a short cut through the woods which involved teetering for about a quarter of a mile on precarious boards through a swamp and climbing a good sized hill. However, Tim's interest constituted a challenge and he would do everything he could to avoid giving up.

The visiting teacher tried to be what she said she would be—a friend to Tim. She often said to him things like this: "You know, Tim, I'm so well acquainted with you that I can see what's in you. I can see the possibilities in a person who does the things you do. Because I come to

see you and know something about your home life I know what you have to struggle against. I know, for instance, what real fineness you show to want to be clean. I know what it means for you to get up early and wash your shirts in the morning. But you realize it's different with other people. You don't want every one knowing the handicaps you have, and your pride is one of the things I particularly admire. I think it is greater than the pride that's often found in the grandest homes. But as long as you do feel this way you must be a good sport about it. You can't expect the teachers who don't know about your circumstances to understand you. You have to show them in other ways what you are made of. You must do things in school to make them see it." And Tim would usually answer that he wanted "to be a sport, Miss Knox." She also told him often that she knew he wanted to "stick school out"—to be a boy who had graduated with a clean record. She talked of the difference it would make always, in getting jobs, in his opinion of himself.

Eventually the agricultural plan fell through. Mr. Morrison's wife grew sicker and he simply could not meet the problem of distance. Without guidance from the outside Tim grew discouraged. He said his father destroyed the plants.

One day Miss Knox said, "Tell me, Tim, how many men do you know?"

"Me father, I guess, that's all."

"Oh, come on now, Tim, you know more men than that."

"Oh, yes, sure. The R. F. D. man, I see him sometimes. And the station master, Mr. Johnson. And then, there's Dan, and Mike, the Ross's hired man. Oh, yes, and Tony, the grave digger. I like him a lot."

So it was that Miss Knox decided to get a Big Brother for Tim. There was another reason for her decision. She had seen what she feared were evidences of sinister happenings in that gray house. She had a strong suspicion that she had never gotten at the whole truth about Tim's family life. One day Mrs. Noonan had presented a bruised and swollen cheek, which she stammeringly said had been acquired by slipping on a loose board in the chicken house. Another time Miss Knox had glimpsed some livid welts on Tim's arm which he had quickly covered up with his torn shirt sleeve. Mr. Noonan had really looked capable of anything. If this was so, if he really was more brutal than either Tim or his mother had intimated, then the visiting teacher felt the need of enlisting the help of a man. She knew she should call upon some society for the

protection of children—but none such existed. Accordingly, she would have to find some volunteer on whose innate ability and interest she could rely. Somehow the information must be gleaned directly from members of that family. The only tool upon which workers in other types of communities could call for getting at unpleasant facts —namely, neighbors, witnesses—was totally lacking. The only witnesses to the goings-on in that household were those ferocious dogs, the ducks, the pigs, the sky, the trees. The most piercing shriek of the entire family combined would not reach one-tenth of the way to their nearest neighbors. The isolation of Tim's house gave it almost the impregnability of a feudal castle. The strongest in physique or in character in these remote homes is often literally monarch of all he surveys. For all Tim's community could do, the most hideous abuses might have been going on for years.

After considerable scouting she found exactly the person to help her, namely, a thrifty, substantial man who had charge of a dairy in the vicinity. Together they paid calls on the family. It need hardly be said that information was not forthcoming immediately. The solitude in which Mrs. Noonan lived had made her slow with her confidences. She grew fond of Miss Knox, how-

ever, and at times was so overwhelmed by her troubles that she found relief in talking about them. Bit by bit Miss Knox gleaned from her an almost unbelievable story of horror. Mr. Noonan, when drunk, was a veritable fiend, and he was drunk a great deal of the time. Tim, it seemed, was his special aversion, apparently because the boy stood between his father and mother. Frequently Mr. Noonan would come in drunk to find Tim sleeping on the foot of his mother's bed. At such times he would usually beat Tim until the boy would jump up dazed and crying with pain. "Thursday," said Mrs. Noonan, "he started lamming Tim with a big chunk of wood. He ran out yelling with his nose pouring blood."

"Where did he go?"

"Where he always goes. He ran over to the cemetery right in his underwear. Sometimes when he knows his Pa's on a drunk he gets scared and stays all night in the cemetery."

"Alone?"

"Sometimes Tony, the Eyetalian grave digger, 's there."

So that was why Tim "liked Tony a lot." Mrs. Noonan went on and on with her droning voice. "He socked me with a board with nails on the end last week. I got the marks." She pulled aside her dirty sweater. "He beat little Mary,

the youngest, till she had a fit right there while he was hittin' her. Rolled her eyes and groaned and laid out stiff. That scared him so now he don't do so much to Mary."

Miss Knox took her leave. As she started out of the yard she heard someone call her and turned to see Mrs. Noonan pulling at a white magnolia tree—the one beautiful thing in that yard. "Don't you want any for yourself?" she asked, as she took the flowers.

Mrs. Noonan looked at her. "Where'd I put 'em?" she answered dully.

As Miss Knox backed slowly down the lane, left the quarry, and turned out into the macadam road, she found herself reflecting on the situation from Tim's point of view. She thought of that household, of Tim getting up to wash out his shirt, of Tim staring wide-eyed over *Treasure Island*, of Tim refusing the free gymnasium suit, of Tim hastily pulling frayed sleeve over red welts. What Celtic ancestor back in the ages had bequeathed to him such an indomitable heritage? As she was leaving the quarry she passed a large and forbidding dump heap. Here and there on it soft green things were pushing up—through the ashes, through the bottles, through the tin cans and the refuse. "There's Tim," she said to herself.

Mr. Murray, the dairyman, felt the challenge of Tim, of the whole situation. "I'd go the limit to make a man of him, Miss Knox," he said. He could not understand, however, why he had never even once seen the boy. Tim had not been at home when he called, but he left an urgent message with the family for Tim to come to the office. He also left some alluring suggestions—promises of friendship, of interesting jobs that might be secured if Tim finished out his school year creditably, of trips to a nearby big city. Still no Tim. Mr. Murray lived almost as far from Tim as did the agricultural teacher; he was at work all day, and there was no telephone in the gray house. It seemed as though an approach by letter would not be the wisest thing in the beginning. Finally Miss Knox told Mr. Murray that there was no other way but for him to give up half a day to seeing Tim. He agreed, she called for him, and took him to Tim's school. Tim and Mr. Murray had a long talk behind the building. The boy told Miss Knox later that "he liked that guy fine," adding laconically, "my Pa told me he was after me to put me in jail, but he didn't want that at all."

Slowly Tim was improving. He got an afternoon job at Morris through Mr. Murray, which proved a godsend. It kept him away from home,

gave him new interests, and brought in a little money. Tim went to school more regularly and gradually the other children began to take an interest in him—not as before, as an outsider and a cut-up, but as one of themselves. It may be added that some clothes which Miss Knox got for him proved of real help in the situation. Both Miss Knox and Mr. Murray knew, however, that the root of Tim's difficulty would never be reached until the family situation was cleared up. Finally Mrs. Noonan, from having talked out her troubles, gained a more objective view of them as well as the courage to think them through. She decided anything was better than what she was enduring, and that she would sign papers for her husband's arrest. He was brought before the court where he was sentenced to six months in jail and fined one hundred dollars. Sentence was suspended, however, and he was put on probation to Mr. Murray. He reported to the latter weekly and from that time he "left us alone," as Mrs. Noonan put it.

One day Tim came to Miss Knox with shining eyes. "Gee, what do you think? I can be on the track team. They say I'm the fastest runner in the class. I am up in my work, and Mr. Edwards says it's O. K."

"What about your job?"

Tim's face fell. "That's just it. Ma says I should quit at Elting's 'cause I got to skip out the minute school's over to make it. But I dunno wat to do."

Miss Knox knew well the three miles of shiny macadam road between Tim's school and Elting's gas station. It would have to be the job or the track team. She asked Tim what he thought. He said he wanted to quit the job. She decided he was right. This would be Tim's first chance at "belonging" to any group, and she felt nothing should take it from him.

Weeks went by and no trouble was heard from Tim. In the late spring Miss Knox's father and mother came to visit her. "I've got to see a 'bad boy,'" she told them one day. "Want to come along?" They drove over to Tim's. Her parents sat in the car while Miss Knox went into the house. As she came out later, a straight, lean, barefoot lad ran ahead of her to open the gate. The heavy thatch of copper-colored hair that blended so perfectly with the carpet of freckles below it was glistening in the sun. His eyes were dancing points of light. He shook hands gravely with Miss Knox's father and mother.

"Well, and did you see your 'bad boy'?" asked her father as they cautiously backed down the lane.

"Yes, how did you like him?" Miss Knox replied with a smile.

In one sense Tim's story really ends here, for it is at this point in his career that Miss Knox's contact with him as a visiting teacher ended. Tim's objective and hers—that he should finish school with a clear record—was finally attained, and without many backslidings. He got his working papers in June, his teachers reported that he had been thoroughly satisfactory for five months. The principal, like the fine sport he had been all along, admitted smilingly that he had lost his bet, but said he had gained in return—from this case and from others—a conviction as to the value of visiting teacher work which, up to the present time, had been new to him. And so now Tim, who had passed out from school, passed out from the jurisdiction of Miss Knox, who was employed by the school board of the county and whose field of activity was technically limited to children who were in school.

But, during her summer vacation, another side of the problem, Tim's side, had been increasingly borne in upon her. Here was Tim, she said to herself, expected by the school to be a full-fledged wage-earner, expected, in the face of one of the most untoward environments it had ever been

her lot to encounter, and with a slender capital of six grades of school work, his own native fineness, and exactly six months of service on her part, to go forth and earn his living, to keep out of trouble, to walk honestly, soberly, industriously for the rest of his days. It was true, she told herself, to Tim's state he was not an "adult." For a few years more he would be accepted as an irresponsible "minor." But this acceptance simply meant that the state consigned him completely to the care of his parents—which in this case meant his father, a man who was being held from day to day to even a few minimum requirements of decency by the force of law. And Miss Knox feared that, because of the complete isolation of Tim's house and the family's lack of status, at any moment the law might relax its hold. It seemed to her that really Tim had not received what was due him. She believed he had some "back pay" coming to him. It seemed to her that his school owed him seven years of what had only been given him for six months.

Probably she would not have gone to the principal and superintendent with her case, had not more been involved than simply the abstract justice of the situation. She went to a certain extent because of her habit of mind—the rural social worker's habit of mind. Those who carry

on social service in the country become used to handling matters single-handed and to accomplishing their ends as best they can. Because of the dearth of social agencies, they become used to doing things outside of their field, and consequently come to place less emphasis on rigid professional demarcations than do city workers. Accordingly, Miss Knox went to her superiors and won consent for further work with Tim.

She found that during the summer he had shown his usual initiative, had got a job for himself in Morris, and had secured a boarding home. The visiting teacher could not have picked out for him a better home than the one he had picked out for himself. The boy expressed himself as happy. Not so, however, his father, who glowered at the mention of Tim's name and who intimated what he thought of "meddlin' people who think they know more 'bout a man's kids than he does himself." Mr. Noonan later showed that he understood surprisingly well the laws of his state as they applied to a father's jurisdiction over his son's wages. He began demanding the dollars Tim was sending to his mother, and what is more, he got them. To look presentable Tim had bought himself a suit of clothes on instalment, but his father would not let him pay for it.

This was the beginning of an utterly discouraging time for Tim. His father ordered him home and he had to go. Finally the boy made some undesirable friends and took to gambling. He continued to gamble in the face of everything that Miss Knox, who kept in constant personal touch with him, could do. Finally, as he was about to lose his position because of irregular hours, the visiting teacher was called to another community. At this time she felt very much afraid that Tim would give up. Her letters to her successor about him were anxious.

Suddenly came word that the old determination had asserted itself again. Tim had run off and joined the marines. This was not the solution Miss Knox would have wished, but anything was better than for him to go on as he was going. Still later Miss Knox heard that Mr. Noonan had deserted his family, and then that Mrs. Noonan had been injured in an accident. What would be the effect of these family disasters upon Tim, she asked herself. As a boy he had shown a sense of responsibility about his mother. She remembered his sleeping at the foot of Mrs. Noonan's bed, braving those terrible beatings. But much water had passed under the bridge since those days. Tim was now probably thousands of miles away spiritually as well as physically—from that gray

house. However, Miss Knox had come to the wrong conclusion. Recently the following word came to her, "The county won't have to support Mrs. Noonan after all. Tim's come home, and he and Don are supporting the family."

WANTED: A HOME

NOBODY likes to have to sleep in a dark old cellar, and it surely makes you pretty mad when this isn't necessary at all, when it isn't because the big brother you live with is poor, but because your sister-in-law is mean. You hate even worse to have to wear torn shirts and holey shoes when your five-year-old nephew goes around looking like a little dude. You hate, too, not being allowed to play after school; but having to get up at five in the morning to deliver milk for your brother is the hardest of all.

When Buster Collins decided to run away he had plenty of examples before him. Two of his chums had run away twice. But Buster turned his face in the opposite direction from the one they had taken. While they had been lured by the big lights and the movie houses and the pool halls of the city where Buster and his brother were then living, Buster always remembered a certain cluster of brown, gabled houses, with wide porches and stretching lawns of close-cropped, thick, green grass and tidy little gardens behind. He remembered how he liked it at Galway. Somehow he knew where he was, there. His feet

were on the ground. He liked very much the way everybody, especially mothers rocking on the porches, called out to him as he passed of an afternoon, "Hello, Buster, how's Buster? Where's that yellow pup of yours, Buster? Lost him?" and so on. Best of all Buster liked the Curtisses. He liked the kids—Hank and Grace and Kate and Ken—and their mother, and that Miss Moore who used to come from school to look after the kids. The good times he'd had in the Curtiss' yard, climbing the Curtiss' trees, on the Curtiss' porch. He could fairly taste Mrs. Curtiss' home-made bread and that thick white butter and the strawberry jam. Yes, he'd make for the Curtisses'.

He got there, too. Three nights after he made up his mind, a very tired little boy in very dusty shoes and a very sweaty shirt was put to bed by an astounded but sympathetic Mrs. Curtiss in a big room with scrawly pink roses on the wall and white curtains blowing, a room that was really meant to be slept in and nothing else.

When Mrs. Curtiss told Buster he couldn't stay with her, he was glad he hadn't let himself get his hopes up. But it wasn't so bad either. Mrs. Curtiss understood. She wouldn't send him back to that old cellar. "I'll find you a home in Galway, a nice home, Buster," she said. That would be fine. "Meantime, I've got to take

Grace and Kate over to the doctor. The boys are at Chris Breeme's for the day. Why don't you go over too?"

Buster looked down at himself, at his stained shirt. The sole of one of his shoes had begun to flap on that last long, weary mile. The Breemes were the aristocrats of Galway. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he raised his clear brown eyes to Mrs. Curtiss' face and said, "I think I'd better stay here, if you don't mind. My clothes ain't just right for a visit. And," he added eagerly, "I could kind o' look after things for you."

Mrs. Curtiss did indeed understand. "That will be great, Buster," she said. "We won't have to hire Harry Dixon. Be extra careful with that new lot of lambs."

Buster was. Each lamb received its exact apportionment of food. The goings and comings of each one were watched with an eagle eye, and when any lamb seemed inclined to stray a foot from its allotted territory in the field it found an earnest little figure shooing it back. The cows, too, had never been more carefully looked after.

Despite the short stature and chubby look which kept Buster from seeming anything like his "twelve years old next July," Mrs. Curtiss

felt that she could really recommend her friend to the Widow Hatch as a worker. However, had the innate goodheartedness and understanding which made her a born social worker been supplemented by more of the alertness and watchfulness which is developed by training, Mrs. Curtiss would not have recommended Buster quite so strongly on this ground. She would have been a little more dubious about the widow's as a home for him. She would have paid less attention to the obvious prosperity of the house, with its various neat additions and would have noted more carefully the way the Widow Hatch's eyes narrowed as she looked from Buster to the twelve-acre orchard of peach trees—each tree choked with dead branches and hungry for the pruning knife. As the widow was new to Galway township, a trained worker would have made some discreet inquiries in her last place of residence. Finding a home for a child in the country too often means finding work for him and little else. But Mrs. Curtiss was not a trained worker, and so Buster took up his abode at the Widow Hatch's, and so, two months later, his name was on the record book of Miss Moore, the visiting teacher.

"Work poor. Been getting straight zeros in arithmetic and fifties in grammar for three weeks. Tosses his head and gets sullen when you talk to

him. Beginning to get inattentive in class." These were the charges brought by the school against Buster.

Had he chosen to do so Buster could have brought return charges against Widow Hatch. "Always pruning. Rush home from school to work till it's dark. Prune all day Saturdays and Sundays. Kept out of school to prune. Get dog tired and raving mad pruning. But Mrs. Hatch only says, 'Quit that talk and get to work. What does a big hulk like you need with books?' I hate to come to school because the kids snicker at my bum shoes and torn trousers." Thanks to a most helpful and cooperative teacher who had made inquiries at her request, Miss Moore knew all of these things; and she liked Buster better that he said none of them but only fingered his tattered overalls and said, did Miss Moore have some other place in mind? He'd be glad to leave the Hatches'. Did she know of a nice place? A place like the Curtisses'?

Miss Moore could not find another Curtisses'. In fact, the only possibility for Buster at all since his brother had deserted was a home with Dr. and Mrs. Miller. The Millers had no work that Buster could do; they could only take him if the cost of his board could be made up to them in some way. The location of the Millers' house

made after-school work out of the question. How was the visiting teacher to meet the board situation? Case work or relief agency in the vicinity there was none, and Buster's sister-in-law, who was having a hard time to get along herself, could not possibly contribute anything to the boy's support. It was at this time that Miss Moore learned how many friends Buster's engaging personality had made for him in Galway. All those women who called to him from their porches of an afternoon came forward. The "Brighten the Corner Club" undertook to pay to the Millers the small sum weekly that Buster's board would cost till a better arrangement could be made.

Buster's immediate improvement in conduct and behavior was due partly to his new home and partly to the treatment he received at school. His teachers kept in close touch with Miss Moore, and together they worked out a plan for the boy. For two years after he went to the Millers' the visiting teacher heard only praise of Buster. With so protracted an improvement no one would have expected the boy ever to be referred to the visiting teacher again. But, though logically this shouldn't have happened, it just did. Because when one is dealing with human beings things so often "just don't" happen as they are supposed to, Miss Moore spent no time wondering when she

received an urgent summons from Mrs. Curtiss saying to come quick, that Buster Collins had run away and stolen into the bargain—she simply jumped into her car and went as fast as she could to Galway. Galway was buzzing. Tongues were wagging as chairs rocked back and forth on those verandas. "Too bad, too bad. Such a nice-seeming boy, too. You never can tell. Nobody'll take him back now, after what he's done. Now I hate to see a young boy go straight to the bad like that. Once they start . . . too bad, too bad. Blood will tell!"

The facts as Miss Moore learned them were that Dr. Miller was called away from home many evenings, and his wife accompanied him on the calls. The car only held two persons, and furthermore it was not thought best for Buster to be up as late as Dr. Miller's calls necessitated. It was a case of a little boy, a big house, flapping shutters, long evenings. And the Curtisses were all of three miles away, and between Buster and them were some eerie, deserted farm houses and a patch of very dark woods. Buster's brother, who had turned up again, came by one night in a Ford. A sudden streak of—was it homesickness, wanderlust, or was it a desire Buster had shown of late, as he entered into the early adolescent period, to become self-supporting, to get to be "on his

own''? Anyhow, Buster set forth toward town the next day, and his means of locomotion was a bicycle, a bicycle that did not belong to Buster. The fact that the machine was ancient, long since discarded by Dr. Miller and worth at best two dollars, did not lessen Buster's guilt in the eyes of Galway. He was a thief.

Miss Moore believed that she could pretty well guess what Buster's sensations probably were about this time. She could guess just how let-down he would feel to find, after setting out on this high adventure, after being so splendid and devilish and brave, that he was only back in that old cellar again, and with that mean sister-in-law. How great the anti-climax would be, how utterly dismal Buster would feel! But he would think he had to stay this time. There was no place to turn. He couldn't expect the only friends he had to receive him after he had done what he had. Miss Moore had a long and earnest talk with Mrs. Curtiss. She pointed out how extremely critical a period this was in Buster's life. It was the time of all times, she said, when he needed a friend. And so a little boy, whose heart had been quaking every time any one came to his door, expecting a huge policeman to seize him, greeted the postman instead; and instead of opening a formidable summons to jail he opened

a letter from the visiting teacher. It was an everyday, friendly letter, a newsy letter. It was all about Ken's new dog and Hank's fine grades. Just as if nothing had happened. As if it was the same old Galway. "All the folks would be awfully glad to have you back, Buster, if you felt like coming," the letter said. "Mrs. Curtiss says you could stay a while with her. And, Buster, if you come *right away* I am sure you could be promoted. Mind you, I am not trying one bit to force you, but we'd be awfully glad to see you, that's all." Buster did not know how very hard Miss Moore had tried to avoid anything that approached forcing. He did not know that the day before she had been in his town, but only to get his address. She would not have gone near him for anything. She knew that Buster must make up his own mind on this question.

Two days after receiving the visiting teacher's letter Buster was back in the Galway school. Miss Moore was proud of the way he came straight up to her machine as she drove into the yard where the boys were playing. Quite as if nothing had happened she began telling him of another home she had found for him. Her only reference to his theft was to say casually, "I was sorry for the way you left, Buster." As she saw

BUSTER

the dull red creeping over his face, she looked away and quickly changed the subject.

That night Buster and Mrs. Curtiss happened to be home alone for the evening. The boy's nervousness and preoccupation as he was cracking nuts for the weekly cake showed there was something on his mind. Suddenly he burst out, "I'd like to pay for that bicycle I—I took from the Millers. It got all busted to pieces."

"Fine, Buster," was all that Mrs. Curtiss said. "I'll wager Miss Moore can find some way for you to earn it." Saturday work was arranged by the visiting teacher.

Miss Moore knew that the greatest enemy to Buster's welfare was not any single circumstance or group of circumstances. It was no individual, it was not Buster himself. It was those moving tongues on the porches of Galway. She knew how essential it was at this time that Mrs. Curtiss should stand firm. Once she even feared that the talk would be too much for her. "They say I'm just crazy to keep Buster since he's really nothing more than a thief," she said one day a little uncertainly. Miss Moore then set herself to outtalk Galway. She held frequent and regular interviews with Mrs. Curtiss, and also talked with other people whenever she got the chance. She

told them that what Buster had done was not such a terrible thing. She pointed out that many people who had far better advantages than he had done far worse. She tried to make them see what his life had been, with no home or regular place to which he could anchor. He had been just drifting, and his idea of meeting a difficulty of any sort had been to pick up and leave. She praised them for all their kindnesses to him, but pointed out that even all they had done could not make up for what he had missed. In the meanwhile Buster began to improve in school. He was placed in a new home and made good there. Gradually the three of them began to win out. The tide of talk began to recede. Finally Miss Moore was happy to hear again of an afternoon that same cheery, "Hello, Buster, how's Buster?"

COMMUNITY FACTORS IN MALADJUSTMENT

COMMUNITY FACTORS IN MALADJUSTMENT

"IF ONLY there had been someone to take an interest in Raymond, if only Fanny's town had offered to its children some opportunity for wholesome play, if there had been some agency to handle Tim's family situation, surely the difficulties of these children would not have developed or would never have reached the acute stages which they did." Naturally this is the first reaction to these stories of problem children. Many and complex as are the factors entering into the problems of rural children, there is no doubt that lack of community resources is prominent in most of them. The stories show a dearth of facilities in the fields of recreation, health, family welfare, and so on.

In general a somewhat over-optimistic point of view seems to prevail regarding the recreational situation in the country. "Of course, the city child has the advantage over the country child, educationally and socially, but when it comes to play, what place in the world can give boys and girls what the old farm can give them?" How often does one hear statements like this,

usually made, be it said, by city dwellers. Residents of large communities who are acutely aware of the difficulties met by their own children in the search for recreation, who know how boys vainly struggle to find enough space for a ball game and how youngsters of all ages are chased from their precious open spaces, who have seen balls go whizzing through plate glass windows or sleds crash into trucks, naturally tend to minimize the disadvantages with which the country child must contend when it comes to play.

It is astonishing how little understanding people have as to just what recreation in the country really is. They usually define it in their minds as city recreation carried on in rural surroundings; they transport in their imaginations the same group of boys who could not find room enough on the street, all of a size, all knowing how to play, right out to some large spacious green field, breathing fresh air instead of that which is soot laden and surrounded by growing things instead of by brick and mortar. Thus, because country children have an ideal setting for recreation, it is assumed that they have ideal recreational opportunities.

Much indeed can be said for the advantages of the country as a place to play. There are no activities which offer more educational oppor-

tunity as well as rapturous joy than those to be found on and about the farm. Feeding the little calves, playing in the hay, finding the first wild flowers in the spring, tracking animals in the snow, these and similar activities belong to the happiest childhood memories of those who have been fortunate enough to take part in them. The joys of the "old swimming hole," too, have become proverbial, as have hunting, fishing, sleighing, nutting, climbing hills, following the brooks to their sources, and so on. The opportunity offered by rural life to make friends with animals is almost a liberal education in itself. Then, too, it is true that modern inventions—the Ford, the radio, the motion picture—have done much to brighten farm life.

Despite these recreational advantages to be found in the country, however, there are certain serious disadvantages. The stories here given, like all discussions based on first hand contact with rural children, present some of these disadvantages. Raymond, Tim, Fanny, Buster, and the rest, surrounded though they were on all sides by the most perfect playground conceivable—the out-of-doors—yet suffered from monotony, lack of play, and lack of companionship; and these were among the most significant factors making for their maladjustment.

Two great drawbacks about the country from a recreational standpoint are the isolation of children from each other and lack of leadership. After all, not having enough space on the street to permit of a ball game is certainly no worse than not having enough children to play—if it is as bad.

"When one tries to organize a team in a rural school," said one visiting teacher, "one finds a difficult situation. There will be four boys, perhaps, of a pretty good size; the next two will be smallish and the last three will be little bits of fellows. This means that if you visit a rural school at recess and watch the children, you will in many cases see the old and individualistic games of 'One Old Cat' and 'Duck on the Rock' being played. You will see a great deal of utterly aimless activity, haphazard wrestling, pushing and shoving, whispering, note passing."

The separation of children from each other interferes quite as seriously with the development of community recreational programs as it does with those of the schools. Even where families have cars in which to transport the children to meetings, entertainments, and the like, bad roads will necessitate a number of absences, and the consequent loss of touch with activities means a loss of interest.

What does the rural child do for casual play with one or more companions during the time when he is free? Despite the relief which the advent of the Ford has brought into the situation, there are still many rural children who are extremely isolated. Buster, Raymond, Tim, all were situated from a quarter of a mile to three miles from their nearest neighbors, still farther from those who had children. The sheer loneliness and the lack of companionship are as hard on the child as is the dearth of recreational activity.

It has been said that children have to learn how to play as well as how to work. There is of course some organized recreation in the country. There are the activities carried on by the churches, and the Grange, the Scout Troops, Camp Fires, and the 4 H Clubs, organized by representatives of state agricultural colleges for teaching boys and girls farming, housework, and the meaning of the 4 H's—Head, Hand, Heart, and Health. Then, too, many rural teachers develop recreational programs in the schools. The only difficulty is that these organized activities are too few and far between. Every study of rural life emphasizes the dearth of rural recreational leaders. In many villages and hamlets of the counties where the visiting teachers worked, the school teacher was the only one

attempting to direct recreational activities, and she had had little experience along this line.

"At least," answers the city dweller to all of this, "if the country child has a hard time getting a chance to play, certainly he does not find so many recreational pitfalls as are lurking in the city—lurid movies, pool halls, 'gang warfare.'" It is of course true that the average rural community is by no means dotted with pool halls and lurid movies. Still, it does have its unwholesome forms of recreation. There are the roadside soft drink stands, often a cloak for bootlegging activities. The villages and small towns usually have their pool halls and movie houses. There are cheap dances held in the country, sometimes, as in the story of Fanny, out in the open, sometimes at an individual farm house. There are also houses where men get together to smoke, drink, and play cards, and to which young men and boys often go. While the automobile has done much for rural life, it has also brought country children closer to undesirable forms of recreation in towns where they are barred from the more desirable activities because they are strangers or non-residents. Perhaps, however, the most unwholesome element for young people in the country situation is the very lack of occupation. Children display a surprising amount of ingenuity in

thinking up undesirable ways of filling their unoccupied time. The results of the extensive "hanging around" that goes on in the country bear out the statement that "human nature more than any other form of nature abhors a vacuum."

Although in these stories the more obvious lacks were those in the field of recreation, it is significant that every story has shown a dearth of social agencies of other types. Poverty, ill health, family difficulties, all are inevitably reflected in the problems of children. Consider, for example, the matter of health. As with recreation, there exists too rosy a picture in people's minds regarding the rural health situation. This picture has acquired its tinted hue from a tendency on the part of many people to magnify the importance of certain healthful aspects of rural life; the availability of fresh air, the opportunity for exercise, the quiet of the life, the lack of tension, are factors of which city life today stands in dire need. Again, "the other fellow's field looks greenest."

Many reports are now bringing to light the fact that the inhabitants of the country are by no means invariably the rugged, vigorous specimens they are generally supposed to be. Facts regarding rural diet, sanitation, and hygiene are being brought out. We are realizing that even fresh air

and exercise, valuable as they are as health builders, have, because of the lack of health education in the country as well as because of the nature of the farmer's occupation, proved by no means an unmitigated blessing to him. Farmers are necessarily exposed for long hours to the inclemencies of the weather. While they do indeed get plenty of exercise, this is only too often not free play of all the muscles but excessive use of certain muscles.

In spite of all that has been written and said about rural health, however, it is only by direct contact that the significance of this problem can be appreciated. One trip to country districts will bring out the seriousness of the situation as nothing else will. When one actually sees extensive areas not only without a single nurse or clinic but without even an approach to an adequate number of physicians, one realizes keenly what is confronting rural people when it comes to health.

Health difficulties were prominent in the problems of all the children whose stories are given here. It will be remembered that Raymond was twenty pounds underweight. His sister, who was only mentioned in his story, had serious health difficulties which were definitely related to psychological and emotional problems. Millie, whose story will be told later, although literally surrounded by the kind of food a growing child

needs, was undernourished—a situation reported by the workers to be not uncommon. At the time the visiting teachers took up the problems of these three children, nothing whatever was being done to improve their health.

It is stimulating to see the steps that have been taken to meet this problem of the need for health work in rural areas. Significant beginnings have been made by public agencies and by private organizations. Public health nurses and traveling clinics are wending their way, in increasing numbers each year, out into the most remote sections. Here and there rural hospitals are being established. This pioneer health work, like all efforts in behalf of rural betterment, attracts alike by its challenge and by the acuteness of the need the type of worker who is the most courageous, ingenious, devoted—the pioneer. Where workers cannot go by car, they are walking or going on horseback. Where there is no money substitutes for adequate equipment are being pressed into service.

The stories of Tim and of Buster illustrate the need for family case work and for child welfare agencies in the country. Doubtless the idea of the economic independence of the farmer is as responsible as anything else for the extreme slowness with which case work is spreading into

rural districts. There is no one who would say that farmers as a group are rich, but few of us realize the extent of the poverty of some families. Farming has its failures like other professions and the need for home finding agencies and for child welfare work generally has not been appreciated.

In these fields, too, beginnings have been made, the way has been pointed. Had Tim's community, for example, possessed an up-to-date organization for county child welfare work his individual problem would probably never have become so serious. If there had been in Galway a county child placing service like that in some progressive states Buster would never have been placed in a home like the Widow Hatch's. A county probation service might have kept Raymond from reaching the serious state in which the visiting teacher found him.

Of all these rural social problems it could be said that just enough investigation has been made to give an idea as to the magnitude of the need, just enough accomplished to point the way in the general direction of what has to be done. The effect of lack of agencies on the nature of the visiting teacher's work will be discussed later. The purpose here is simply to present the situation from the standpoint of the child and his problems.

Prominent in most of the problems handled by visiting teachers, as indeed in behavior problems everywhere, is the factor of the child's place in the group—the attitude taken by the community toward him and toward his family. It is probably true that adverse judgment is more overwhelming in a small community than in a large one. In a densely populated section of a large city a child who has unfortunate family circumstances, as poverty or low home standards, or whose behavior habits are undesirable, can be quite sure that there are others who are like him —probably a good many others. In the country, on the other hand, this child will stand out alone or as one of a group so small that its members can be quite easily counted.

Then too, the relatively small number of events in the rural community means that he and his circumstances, like anything else unusual, may receive extensive comment. "Whisper a piece of news on our post-office steps," said the inhabitant of a small hamlet, "and I guarantee you that in ten minutes every single human being in the place will know it and be vigorously discussing it." Unfortunately another effect of the small size of the rural community is that very soon a good many of these remarks may get back to the person about whom they have been made. Still another

difficulty is that behavior to arouse criticism need not be bad—it may be merely "different." Rural communities have been more homogeneous than cities and thus tend to resent more acutely the person who does not conform.

An adult may make allowances in the face of general criticism, he may keep his perspective, but for most children with any acute unhappiness the world stops. There is no beyond. Thus when a child who really means no harm, but who has committed an act impulsively or carelessly or in what he considers a spirit of fine, devil-may-care adventure, suddenly finds himself confronting a tide of unfavorable opinion, the results are apt to be unfortunate. Such a child will react to the adverse opinion of his group in various ways, depending on his temperament. He may become completely humiliated and crushed, or he may rise up in defiance, "giving people something to talk about," as Fanny put it. In any case, the result of general adverse judgment is apt to be a separation of the child from his community. Undoubtedly children do need to learn through experiencing the consequences of their actions, but they do not often learn through community criticism.

With this willingness to observe and to judge and to talk, rural visiting teachers have all commented on the difficulty they have encountered in

getting country people to talk at the time and place and under the circumstances when talk would be of concrete help in the situation, namely, in behalf of unfortunate children in the law court. The reason for this hesitancy in giving testimony undoubtedly lies in the close interdependence which exists in the rural community. It is easy enough to see the matter from the standpoint of the rural citizen. When one realizes that often an individual's most important social and economic relationships are involved, one tends to view with less severity the reluctance of those living outside of cities to "appear at court."

The kindness of country people, the alacrity and good will with which they meet the needs of those around them, will be discussed later. Some of them have not realized, however, how much they could help in these behavior crises if they would show tolerance and encouragement instead of disapproval and lack of confidence. They too often put the responsibility for the misbehavior of children entirely on the individual and his family, instead of upon the community which has not furnished him the opportunities, the supervision, or the sympathy which he needed.

II

THE RURAL CHILD AT HOME AND IN SCHOOL

NARRATIVES

SCHOOL VERSUS CROPS

MOST of Clem's story lies in the splendid tract of cultivated land that surrounds his house—in that and in the house itself and in Clem's father. The Hawkins' farm was one of the finest in that part of Hillsboro County, one hundred acres of magnificently cultivated land. In front of the house a field of waving wheat that bade fair to reach all the way to Clem's father's waist (and Clem's father must be all of six feet, disregarding his stoop); at the side an orchard of huge twisted apple trees; behind the house the vegetable garden where beans, tomatoes, and squash flaunted themselves in profusion, each plant seeming to vie with the others in producing the largest, shapeliest, and best flavored vegetables; on the far side, beyond the wheat, an open field where placid red cows went on eating from force of habit; farther off still the duck pond reflecting the willow trees that bordered it; and out beyond all wide-stretching fields of dancing pink and white clover. But Clem never saw any of these beauties. Tell Clem there was anything lovely about his father's farm and he would laugh at you. It seemed to him he could not

remember a time when he had not hated it. There was such a time, however. His mother remembered a baby who had delightedly splashed in the duck pond, reached up to pat the cows, and rolled in the clover. Clem's father, however, had nothing if not a shrewd eye for material values and recognized the moment that Clem's arms were sturdy enough to be turned to account. Every available bit of muscle power must be utilized if a man hopes one day to be the sole master of that fairly decent farm. So from the time Clem could remember anything the farm had spelled one thing to him—work—bending, bending, bending, grubbing, pulling, reaching, reaching, yanking, endlessly hour after hour, each motion losing itself in another and another and another till at four o'clock of a sultry afternoon it all just seemed like a losing game, and you let go somehow and could seem to feel the tide of work rise up and close in on you.

Very little was ever said in the Hawkins' household. Most of the remarks were made by Mr. Hawkins, and no one could ever say that he was verbose. When he spoke at all it was usually to issue a curt command as to the work to be done around the farm. Two words sufficed to answer him, "Yes, Pa." Clem could remember the one time that he had ever heard his mother oppose

his father. It had been in regard to putting him to work in the fields. He was just over seven. His mother had burst out—almost hysterically—"Why, Seth . . ." and then . . . a gigantic fist had come down on the table and his father had simply said in an even quieter tone than usual, "*My* boy's a-goin'." That was all.

Clem often thought how funny it was that they all seemed to be getting to look like his father. His mother had the very same expression in her hollow gray eyes, both his little brothers were getting the same way of shutting up their lips tight, and he himself, huge and bony—why, he was just a copy of his father, and, yes, the stoop was coming.

Today Clem listened quietly as usual over his hoe. "And so ye jest go to that Miss Smead at that school and tell her I say ye ain't a-goin' back there after March. You're a-goin' to plow. Plow. Yes, ye be."

Clem thought. It was the same eighth grade as last year, for his father wouldn't let him go to high school. The same red history book. The same tan arithmetic. The same dates. March, the Civil War. April, Grant. The same questions from the teacher. That stale joke she always told about monarchies. He looked at the field. The same rows to plow. It didn't make

much difference. It wouldn't make any difference if it did. "Yes, Pa."

"I call him Frisk because he's so lively," said Clem to the visiting teacher. They were finishing a half-hour's conversation in the field.

"Let's see you throw the stick again," said Miss Dwight. As usual, the dog got there first, and Clem ran back to her laughing. "So you *can* stand up straight. And, my, but you're a better looking boy when you do." She added to herself, "And you *can* run and laugh and square your shoulders like any fifteen-year-old boy instead of like a work-weary man. Providence be thanked for Frisk." Aloud, she asked, "How would you like to go to high school, Clem? I'll bet you'd do well in athletics."

As she talked, Clem could fairly think he was there. He could almost hear that shrill whistle and see the jumping figures. Clem Hawkins on the team! His eyes caught fire from hers. Then they sought the vegetable garden, now only a rich red-brown patch of earth seeming to wait there in the afternoon sun for someone to bring it into life. Far off in one corner was a bent-over speck, rhythmically moving. His father. "My pa wouldn't let me."

"Couldn't he manage?"

"I don't know. He did hire a man once when I was sick, but he's trying to buy this farm." Clem kicked the brown stubble with his foot. "I—I sort of hoped I'd get some books after I left school. Study by myself—somehow. I always liked school till this year. You see I wasn't old enough to stop school and my pa wouldn't let me go to high school."

"So you had to repeat the eighth grade?"

"Yes, and it's stupid."

Miss Dwight understood that there was something on Clem's father's side of the question. There was the work to be done and his ambition to own the farm. Then too, he and his wife were honest in their belief that a town high school was a place that taught children three things only, smoking, dancing, and athletic games. They also believed strongly that it tended to draw young people away from the country. The visiting teacher learned by making a few discreet inquiries that Mr. Hawkins did not need his son's help more than other farmers who were keeping their sons in school. In fact, he had a reputation among the farmers of the community for being unusually severe. "Set and bent that his kids won't have any schooling or any play either," said a neighbor. "We try to have good schools and to give our children some fun—let them come

to Grange parties and have Scout Troops for them. But will he contribute one cent, or let his kids take part? He will not. It's no wonder the older ones left home. You can't keep children on the farm that way. But he's harder to move than forty mules."

Miss Dwight, taking all things into consideration, decided that Clem must have his chance. She knew, however, that getting it would be no easy task. In fact, she doubted whether any one could change Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins' point of view before Clem was a grown man. She talked at length with both of Clem's parents, trying to show them that high school would make the boy a better farmer, a better man as well as a happier boy. She discussed the economic value of an education and told them how much more help Clem might be to them later on. She tried to reassure them about the moral influence of the town high school and pointed out the fact that bad habits were more apt to come from lack of wholesome recreation for young people than from athletics. During some of these talks Clem stayed outside, during others he formed a silent but wistful audience. Nothing Miss Dwight said, however, swerved Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins from their position. At times it seemed as though the mother might weaken in her argument about the farm

work, but her husband would invariably say again, "Want him to learn all that badness?" And though Miss Dwight suspected that this was not the major argument with him, it always influenced his wife.

After a number of conversations of this type, Miss Dwight saw that there was only one way she could get Clem to school—by insisting that the law be enforced, thus keeping him there until his next birthday. She first talked the situation over with the boy himself, telling him that she was afraid it might be uncomfortable for him at home if he should go to high school and that his parents would undoubtedly demand that he stop after his birthday. If he wanted a little high school, however, she told him he had the law on his side, the same law that his father had claimed would uphold him in keeping Clem out. She also told him if he found he liked it well enough he might later be able to go on even though he had to stop for a while. She discussed the situation with the county superintendent and the attendance officer who agreed that it was a case for compulsion, if necessary. Clem had no illusions about the way his parents would act, but he chose school. About a week later he sat in a corner of his father's kitchen and underwent one of the most amazing experiences of his whole

life. He saw someone oppose his father. With his heart literally in his mouth, he watched the steady eyes of the fragile woman meet the steady eyes of the man who towered above her across the bare kitchen table. He realized how utterly foolish he'd been. Why, of course. How silly. Pa couldn't really do nothin'. How foolish it had been of him to think that. Ridiculous as it was he must have been sort of expecting his pa to strike a body dead. This lady didn't fight or get mad or yell at his father as Bill, the hired man, had done once, either. In fact, Miss Dwight was astonishingly friendly all the time, really friendly. It was perfectly plain that she wasn't against his father at all. She understood exactly how he was fixed, and she sympathized with his mother. In fact, as they talked, Clem glowed with pride at her words of appreciation of his parents' ambition to own the farm, of their thrift and determination. He found this lady awakening a new respect in him. He found himself realizing for the first time that he too loved the farm in a way. It came over him that really after all this was his farm too. She did see things differently from the way his father did—very differently—and this being the case, she had not the slightest hesitation in saying so.

Clem hardly heard the final decision that he

should go to school. The change in his father was all that registered on his brain. That slow deprecatory smile. He had never seen his father's face wear that expression. It was this experience that stayed with Clem always. It made him feel that you could do it and live, you could stand your ground. At least somebody could.

Clem did go on to school. What is more, he finished the eighth grade for a second time and began high school. The visiting teacher's record contains this report of the boy: "Principal and teachers thought him unusually promising. Leading his class in history and civics. He made some friends among the boys of his class and played on the school basketball team."

How little these bare statements give of what the experience was really meaning, of the new prospects that opened before him day by day, of the friends he made, of the real pleasure he took in his work, of the eagerness with which he seized this chance of being young.

At home things seemed in some way different. It was hard to define it, but they were different. Clem's father said even less than he used to. He rarely spoke to Clem at all. The boy would have felt as if he did not really belong at home if it had not been for his mother who talked with him as

usual, confining her remarks, however, to times when his father was away from home. Mr. Hawkins never protested about school. He only referred to it when he said to his wife in Clem's presence, "Guess you'll have to look after the stock tomorrow while I'm to the village. Our boy's busy with important things, like playing games of ball and reading books." Clem winced as if he had been struck, and he stayed home from school the next day.

One day Mr. Hawkins presented himself at Miss Dwight's office and told her Clem had decided he didn't want to go on to school. The visiting teacher sent for Clem whose only comment was, "You'll tell them please that I have to go?" Miss Dwight did tell them and Clem kept on with his studies.

Clem dreaded the coming of spring for with its arrival came the necessity for plowing and planting. He watched his father go out each morning alone to the fields. The sight of that tiny patch of plowed land in the vast field, a patch that grew so slowly day by day, gave him a sort of physical pain. He knew his mother was worried horribly. One night he got home to find her crying quietly by herself in the kitchen. "It's nothin', Clem. You go on to school. I don't want you to give up."

The next day Clem appeared at Miss Dwight's office. He was tense and rather white. He told her that he had made up his mind to quit. "What can I do? There won't be any crops if the ground isn't gotten ready. My father won't hire any one. My mother's nearly crazy." He drew himself up. "Nobody's making me, Miss Dwight. It—it seems the only thing to do."

"I guess it is, Clem. Now how about those books for home study? I'll be glad to do anything I can to help you plan a course."

"Well," said Miss Dwight to herself as the door closed on Clem, "I'm surely glad he went as long as he did. Awfully glad. It wasn't just the extra months of schooling and of play and the friendships he made. Clem got something much more valuable. The crops finally won out over school, but it was the crops this time, and not blind fear. Just the crops."

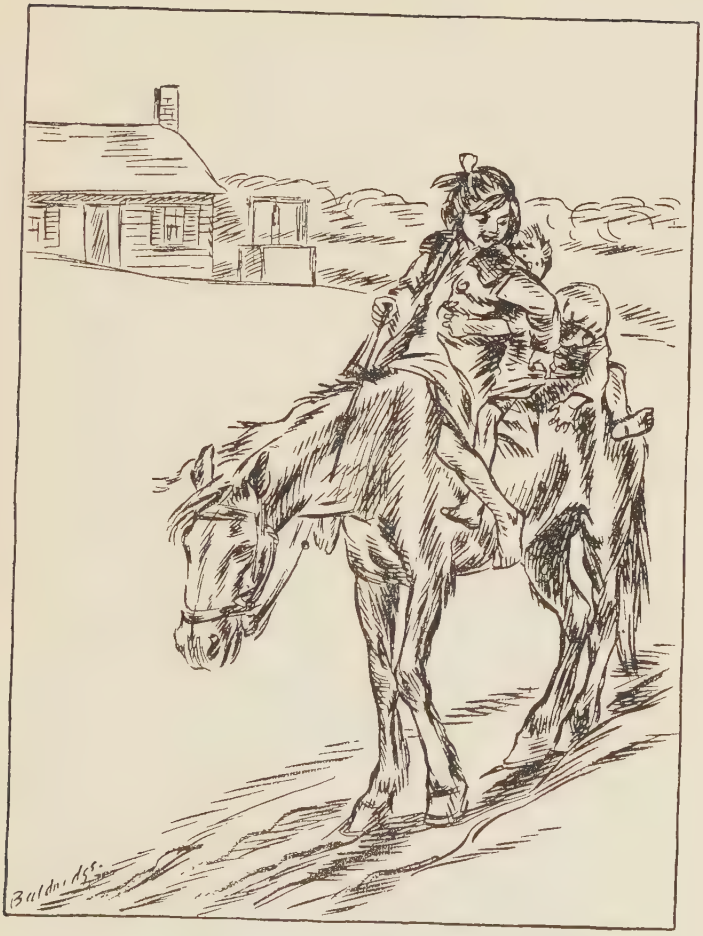
"THAT FLANDERS KID"

"THAT'S Millie, the big one in front. Did you ever see such long legs?"

The visiting teacher looked out through the leaded pane of the little one-room school where Millie's long-suffering teacher was pointing to her prospective "case"—a gangling eleven-year-old, perched high on a monstrous gray nag. Millie, in business-like fashion, was hauling two diminutive editions of herself up behind her on to the horse. Having settled her charges, the child grabbed the reins, three pairs of skinny bare legs rose simultaneously into the air, six heels were clapped into mangy gray sides, and the horse started off into a shambling walk down the muddy dirt road.

"Tell me about Millie," said Miss Parker, as she watched the three round-shouldered, bony little figures on their huge gray steed, swaying slowly down the road, growing smaller and smaller, until, as they descended into a hollow, the last unkempt little head on its scrawny neck was lost to view.

"Well, she's 'queer,'" replied Miss Wales, the teacher. "I guess that says it all. Her work's



MILLIE

just hopeless. Why, she can hardly count beyond twenty. And all she can read intelligently is the primer. She is just a dead weight in the school. The worst thing about her is her stealing. She takes things all the time—odd pennies, pencils, anything that's left round. She's always getting into the children's lunch boxes. And when you scold her she is just too utterly stupid. She hasn't any pride at all. She says she doesn't know why she steals. She 'jist does.' And she is as hopeless at play as at work. During recess she simply stands there watching the other children with a kind of hungry look in her eyes."

"I think I know that look," said Miss Parker. "With her mouth just a little open, head forward. And peering. Peering out at the world as if through some obstruction, a haze or a dark veil?"

"Yes, that's it exactly."

"And I guess that is just what the child is doing, don't you think? Trying to see? And if that's so, I wouldn't be surprised if Millie's going to need a lot of help."

"Don't expect much help from her father and mother. The Flanders are not one of our prize families around here. The mother's 'queer' herself. 'Queer' and kind of glum. From what I have seen of the father, he seems a combination

of stupidity and self-importance. They say he used to gamble a lot."

The next day Millie accepted with alacrity the "new visiting teacher lady's" invitation to go walking at recess—pathetically pleased to be relieved for once of having to stand around. The visiting teacher noticed that the child was even bonier than she appeared on the horse. And, yes, she detected unmistakably the helpless, dull, peering expression that she knew so well. She told herself that a mental test would obviously be the first step for Millie. She was even surer of this as she watched the child's behavior. Millie had a peculiarly slow, awkward, wave-like motion in walking. She straggled along close to her companion's side, responding comparatively little to what was said to her. Only once was Miss Parker able to rouse her from her dull apathy. This was when she said, "I couldn't help noticing, Millie, when I've been around the school, how very nice you are about managing to get yourself and your little sisters to school on the horse." These words wrought a momentary change in Millie. They seemed to galvanize her into life—to brush away for a moment that invisible mist which hung before the child's eyes. The grateful smile she gave the visiting teacher

seemed like a swift flash of sunlight. "Her name's Rose."

"Whose, the horse's?"

"Yes."

"She seems like a very good-natured horse." And this was enough to make Millie launch eagerly into a description of Rose's fine points. It seemed that she was really all a horse should be. Miss Parker suspected that perhaps Rose was one of Millie's very best friends, that caring for Rose, feeding her, gathering straw for her bed were among the few things that Millie could really do.

The child was quiet for a while after this talk about the horse. Then she said, "I had a little weeny brother onct."

"Was he awfully cute?"

"Oh, yes."

"And did you mother let you help take care of him?"

"I was too much bother. She's busy. I held him sometimes," she added.

"Doesn't your mother let you help around the house now that you're big?"

Millie sighed. "No. May, that's my big sister, she helps. Sometimes the little ones, Ruby and Belle, they do. But not me. I get in the way."

"But you'd be glad if you could learn to help?" However, that idea was apparently beyond Millie's power of grasping and she relapsed again into apathy.

"'Queer' and kind of glum." As Miss Parker jounced over the ruts toward Millie's house she reflected how very cautious, careful, and gradual her approach to the Flanders home would have to be. She had planned this approach before she reached the house. Things proved more difficult than she had feared, however. A few yards ahead of her a work-worn woman was hurrying. The visiting teacher overtook Mrs. Flanders and invited her into the Ford. The woman pulled her shawl around her with a quick "No, thank you" and immediately started on. Miss Parker, however, put on her brake, turned off the gasoline, and called, saying that she came from the school to invite Mrs. Flanders to a Mothers' Meeting to be held the following Wednesday in the Grange Hall.

"I won't hev the time to come," replied Mrs. Flanders briefly.

Miss Parker sat in her car and contemplated Millie's mother. She had come ten miles to see this woman, to hold an important conversation with her, to get some information, if possible to

make a few suggestions regarding the handling of Millie. She was almost tempted, in spite of all her recent resolves, to get out of her car and hold this interview—to come away with something tangible. She knew, however, that this would be making a mistake. A few remarks which would probably yield her nothing would be wiser. Let Mrs. Flanders get used to her presence, even though this would mean—as it inevitably would—traversing again shortly that long back road.

Accordingly Miss Parker did not attempt anything but the most desultory chat, retaining her position at the wheel, while Mrs. Flanders stood on the bank across the road. Only once did the visiting teacher manage to bring the conversation around to Millie. No, Mrs. Flanders didn't know any way Millie could be helped at school. Millie'd never been real bright. Finally, as Miss Parker observed her companion's eye roving down the road, she pressed her foot on the starter and said goodbye.

There were two routes on which the visiting teacher could set forth toward her goal of securing a mental test for Millie. She could wait—there was no telling how long—until she had won her way, inch by inch, far enough into the confidence of Mr. and Mrs. Flanders to secure their consent to sending the child many miles by

train to a child study clinic. Or she could bring the mountain to Mahomet. She chose the latter route. After considerable searching she found a young psychologist at a university thirty miles away who was willing to come out to the little Gallop School and test its pupils.

The results of Millie's test showed her to have a mental age of seven—three and a half years below her chronological age. Although the circumstances under which the tests had been given were far from ideal, they had been conducted with the greatest care possible. The psychologist spent the entire day at the school. Some of the most intelligent pupils had been tested so as to remove any possible stigma, and the visiting teacher had helped to get the children interested. Here, at least, was something sufficiently definite to help in the formulation of plans. Miss Parker's first step was to go over the results of Millie's tests carefully with Miss Wales, who said they would radically change her entire attitude toward the child. It was now as if she could actually see with her own eyes that dark veil through which Millie was vainly groping, and seeing it she knew would help her immeasurably toward an understanding dealing with the child. Miss Parker said that, as Millie would benefit greatly from a certain amount of manual

training, she hoped this could be added to her program.

The impassable condition of the roads caused a longer time to elapse between Miss Parker's visits than was desirable. There was no one, however, to whom she could refer the case, and the next time she saw Millie she found that the child's difficulties had been increasing, as she had feared they would. Uglier signs of maladjustment were showing themselves, like the symptoms of a disease. Millie had developed a habit of stupidly bumping into the other children who vigorously fought back. Recently she had written an obscene note to one of the boys. When questioned by Miss Parker, she maintained her impenetrable calm, saying she liked school, and she liked Miss Wales. She didn't know why she bumped into the other children. She wrote the "dirty" note because her brother Arthur told her to.

Miss Wales was distracted. She said, "I do understand. I realize Millie's difficulties. I see that she is as out of place here as if she were in China. I know she hasn't got the foundation to do any of the work given her, even that of the first grade. And she is quite incapable of playing with the children her own age and size—and the

little ones say she's too big to play with them. I make allowances. I am desperately sorry for her. I realize that extra attention on my part—letting her do little things around the school, watching her more closely and all—might help. But consider my situation. This is my second year of teaching. I am nineteen years old. I have twenty children and eight grades. If I don't get a certain amount of knowledge into those twenty heads by the first of May, out I go. In order to give Millie the amount of attention necessary to keep her even reasonably endurable, I have to neglect the other children. Then, too, the situation is complicated by the fact that Millie's family has very poor standing in the neighborhood. All the other children look down on her."

The second time the visiting teacher called on Mrs. Flanders, she found that someone had prepared the way for her. The woman's tired face wore an expression of almost pleased recognition as the little Ford chugged into her yard. "Come up, won't yeh? Mrs. Grant sez yeh helped her Lil' a lot," she said.

Miss Parker sat in the kitchen while Mrs. Flanders peeled potatoes with the help of Ruby. Belle was in the field with her father. Millie, whose offer of assistance had been abruptly re-

fused, crouched at the window, following her mother's and sister's movements with her eyes. It seemed to Miss Parker that she had never seen such a completely bare house. Her eyes ranged vainly over the kitchen and the front room that opened out of it, searching for some object—a wisp of curtain or table cover, the glitter of some ornament, no matter how small or cheap—that might mark the dividing line between a place in which to live and a home. But there was nothing. Her eyes met only bareness; bare walls, bare floors, bare windows, bare tables and chairs. It seemed indeed to Miss Parker as though here was a house, four walls and a roof, a shelter, a spot in which one went to bed, got up, took one's meals—nothing more.

As the two girls left the room, Mrs. Flanders opened up on the subject of Millie, whose increased stealing was disturbing her very much. "Lem, my husband, he beats her every single time she swipes anything. But she don't stop. He beats her *real hard*," she added plaintively. A certain plaintive helplessness seemed to characterize her entire attitude toward Millie's difficulties. All Miss Parker's suggestions regarding the handling of Millie, her point that possibly whipping was not the best way of securing results, her suggestions regarding the proper food

for growing children, all failed to awaken a spark of response. She hoped for an opening a little later when Millie came running into the room holding in her hand a dingy, once-white cloth. It was a coarse, crudely embroidered towel. Millie held it out to the visiting teacher saying proudly, "I made it in school." Mrs. Flanders, however, did not join in Miss Parker's hearty praise. Either not sensing or utterly disregarding the way her words seemed to quench the light in the child's face, she rapped out sharply, "Why, Belle could do better'n that when she was seven." And to Miss Parker's suggestion that with a little teaching Millie could learn to be a real help with the housework she merely responded by drawing her thin lips together and saying, "Millie always gets in the way."

Mr. Flanders came in with Belle. His pompous manner contrasted strangely with his lean physique and lisping, almost tongue-tied speech. He did not share his wife's friendly attitude. He was distinctly hostile. He "didn't know what was all this fuss about Millie." He "didn't know but what *his gal* got on about as well as the rest of the kids." He "guessed a gal's ma and pa could look after her better'n anybody else could," and so on. It was evident to Miss Parker that Millie, who had up to this time been looked

down on by the members of her family, was suddenly going to assume a new importance with the advent of a stranger's interest. She guessed that Mr. Flanders' sense of futility would make him view this interest only as an interference with his sense of possession, a challenge to his dignity as a father.

Quite apart from the dismal outlook presented by the Flanders' home, Miss Parker made up her mind to ask the superintendent of schools immediately regarding the possibility of the school's providing special work, special methods of teaching adapted to subnormal mentality. For, regardless of what adjustments might be made elsewhere, she saw Millie primarily as a school problem. It was evident that in an education adapted to her needs lay the child's one hope of ultimate adjustment. She believed that supplying this education was an unescapable responsibility of the schools.

"Here," she said to herself, "are the laws of Millie's state forcing her to spend a certain amount of time in school, compelling her to go there for a definite number of years in the interest of being educated. And when she gets there she finds something that no more means education for her than it would for the horse she rides. She is confronted with a series of concepts which are

utterly meaningless to her. Nor are the educational lacks as really serious as is the devastating effect on the child's morale that results from these lacks. The sense of failure, the feeling of baffled helplessness which Millie encounters every day—this would completely upset the most stable person, child or adult. What are they doing to Millie? Is it to be wondered at that she gets into trouble, that she fights, that she steals? The wonder would be if she did not do these things. It would, of course, be different if the child were so utterly unteachable that she could be sent home as hopeless. But with the right kind of teaching, there is a good deal that Millie could learn. She could be kept as active, busy, and interested as the others. Useful lives are made possible for thousands of boys and girls like Millie in the schools of our large cities. Furthermore, in many country schools certain special kinds of work for the sub-normal—as desk hand work, sewing, drawing, and weaving—have been devised. As things are going now, there is every probability that Millie will become a community liability instead of an asset. Unhappiness, delinquency, dependency, possibly years in a reform school, are stretching ahead of her."

The most discouraging thing about the way these arguments of Miss Parker's were received

by Mr. Conway, the superintendent, was that he agreed with them. He did not refute one statement that she made. In fact, he did not discuss at all the points raised by her. He found other points more pertinent to the situation—matters like the slender budget of the Gallop School and the recent failure of the corn crop. He talked at length of the scarcity of chicken feed, of the high cost of cream separators. He asked Miss Parker to consider the situation from the farmer's point of view. "How important," he said, "would you as a farmer consider Millie's possible cost to your township ten years from now if your hogs were facing starvation during the coming winter, or if you were forced to bend for hours over your work every day for lack of some ten-dollar mechanical device? And," he added, "let me tell you how every single member of the Board of Trustees would respond to any request of mine for an added appropriation of this sort. He would talk like this: 'Didn't we give you that new stove you asked for last year? Didn't we raise Miss Wales's salary? And if we were planning to give one more dollar to that school in the next five years, and we are not, you can be sure that the last child to get one cent of it would be that crazy girl of Josh Flanders. Why, she can't learn a thing.' So," Mr. Conway concluded,

"surely you can understand why I must answer your request by saying any solution that will be found for Millie will have to come from her home or neighborhood. You must realize the school can be of very little help."

Miss Parker did understand. It also seemed to her, after a careful survey of the facts, that if the school could not give Millie special help, there would be a serious question as to whether a permanent adjustment could ever be effected for the child, regardless of what was accomplished elsewhere. All things considered, Millie's home and community offered about as much chance for immediate help as did the school. She decided that the child's one hope lay in getting away from home. She would not have reached this decision if Millie had lived in the city. She would have relied on changing the family's attitude. It was the vital element of distance and of bad roads that determined her. She felt sure that even if numbers of the ablest social workers in the country were within a stone's throw of the Flanders' home, to bring this home to the point of being an even possible place for this child would be a matter of months—not to say years—of careful, intensive, painstaking work. And here she was, almost the lone social worker in the entire county, whose office was located five miles

from Millie's school and two more from her house! Nor had she forgotten that it had been a physical impossibility to get within many miles of either the school or the house during a long period of time. Although real progress had been made with Millie's mother, Miss Parker was very much afraid that before any fundamental change in the family's attitude could be effected, Millie would be beyond reach.

Among the few homes that offered, Miss Parker chose one with Millie's aunt in a large city, partly because of the availability of a psychological clinic which would permit a careful study of the child. She considered herself lucky to have found this place. The house was a real home. A general atmosphere of happy busyness prevailed. In the nicely furnished living-room stood a piano and a radio. Millie's aunt, who was a motherly, good-natured woman, had a splendid attitude toward the child. She said she would be very glad to have Millie learn to help her with the housework. There was something ironical about the fact that one of the home's greatest assets, from Millie's point of view, was its farm-like character. The visiting teacher's record remarks: "Home is just like a farm house set down in a city street . . . has fence and a gate. At the back there are chicks and a hog."

"Here," thought Miss Parker to herself, "I am planning to have Millie seek in brick and mortar the things whose natural habitat is at her own front door." But the fact remained that, shut out as the girl had been from all contact with the work on the farm, these things had had no meaning for her. It was indeed a case of "water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink."

It proved easier to find a home for Millie than to get Millie to the home. Miss Parker did not find it difficult to convince Mrs. Flanders. As she frankly discussed the drawbacks of the child's own home for Millie, its lack of activity and the unfortunate attitude taken toward her, she was both surprised and glad to see a look of dawning realization coming over Mrs. Flanders' face. But irritation was all that was shown by Millie's father. The subject of Millie had suddenly become a very sore spot with Mr. Flanders. He refused firmly to consider letting "*his gal*" go. Miss Parker discovered that his attitude resulted partly from an outraged sense of possession and partly from an unfortunate childhood experience which Mrs. Flanders had had in a working home. All of Miss Parker's arguments were of no avail. Mr. Flanders got his back up. He became like flint. In words more haltingly uttered as his anger increased, he announced that "Millie should

stay right here where she was." Fortunately, Miss Parker, who had expected just such a contingency, had prepared for it in a conference at which she and the parents and the juvenile court judge had discussed the entire case. The fact that Millie was stealing and that sex difficulties were developing convinced the judge that the child should—temporarily at least—be removed from her home. The visiting teacher was thus able to remind Mr. Flanders of what the judge had said and finally secured a somewhat reluctantly given consent. He also consented, though unwillingly, to a physical examination for the child. It may be remarked here in passing that, while the work of arranging for this physical examination did not strictly belong to Miss Parker's field, if Millie was to be examined, it would have to be the visiting teacher who saw to it that she was, as the county nursing service did not extend to the Gallop School.

It was a very excited and happy Millie who accompanied Miss Parker to the city a week later, her usually dull eyes shining with expectancy, her clothes bursting out of a paper shopping bag that she clutched tightly in a hot little hand. She kept saying over and over again on the train, "Little baby chicks, Miss Parker, little baby chicks?" And no matter how many times Miss

Parker said that little chicks would really be there and that she would help her aunt to take care of them, Millie could never seem to realize it.

It was also a very different child who returned with the visiting teacher five weeks later. Millie was by no means revolutionized, but she was changed. Miss Parker relied less on the external signs of improvement, the neat little coat and hat and the added flesh which had come with the tonic and quantities of her aunt's well-cooked food, than on certain undefinable differences, changes in carriage, in facial expression, in responsiveness.

Good reports had come about Millie. "I'll really miss the child a lot with the work," said the aunt. "She's gotten to be a big help by now. And she hasn't stolen one single thing—nothing except candy anyhow—and show me the kid that will leave his fingers off that." A report from the mental clinic advocated just the type of environment that the aunt's home had offered. But the aunt was not well and simply could not continue to carry the responsibility.

So this was only a beginning. Only five weeks and the work of finding a home must start all over again. Millie's placement, however, had an outcome which showed Miss Parker, as indeed her work illustrated increasingly every day, how

completely a law unto itself is human nature. For to Millie's family something amazing happened. Miss Parker was astonished to have May, the older sister, present herself at her office shortly after the child's return, saying, "Ma and Pa just can't sleep with Millie out of the house. Honest, Miss Parker," she added, "we want to do different now. We're moving up to Ashton. Then I'm married now and a little baby's coming. Millie'd love it." Of course, Miss Parker did not rely on this dramatic plea of May's. She asked both parents to come into her office. They seemed indeed to have changed; in fact, she found it hard to recognize in the pleading, earnest faces, the hostile, bitter man and woman of the court house. When Mr. Flanders solicitously inquired after the judge's health (he had been ill), his parting remark as he had driven away on the day of the conference with the judge rose before her: "Thet fool jedge, settin' up there an' lookin' jest like a ten cent piece!"

Miss Parker concealed her amazement and talked long and carefully with both parents. She was finally convinced by this talk and by several visits which she made later to the home that the removal of Millie had had an extraordinary effect—an effect which Miss Parker had hoped, but not really believed it would have. It had

shown the Flanders objectively, concretely, and sharply their own lacks in dealing with the child. It had also shown them that she was valuable enough to some people so that they studied her, interested themselves in her. The obvious changes in Millie had had their effect, too. If others could do so much for her, the parents would like to see what they could do. "So, I was right in thinking that their irritation might be latent solicitude," said Miss Parker to herself. Perhaps the greatest gain was the change of attitude toward the motives of the visiting teacher herself—the realization that it was genuine interest in their daughter's welfare that had prompted all her actions. The Flanders were anxious now to have her prescribe, and to show that they could follow the prescription. They offered to report weekly. Mrs. Flanders eagerly fell in with the various suggestions that were made; Millie should help about the house; she would teach her sewing—she even offered to organize a little sewing club of children Millie's age; Millie should attend church and Sunday school.

The strangest part of all of this was that most of the plans were carried out. It need not be said that things did not work out ideally, but they worked out vastly better than Miss Parker had ever dreamed they would in that home. The

visiting teacher found a home economics student at the university nearby who volunteered to visit the house and to assist Mrs. Flanders in planning the food for the family. Millie did not get along as well as she had with her aunt. At first she did not show the same eagerness to help with the housework, but things went much better after Miss Parker suggested that she be given as much real responsibility as possible. Millie made little dresses for herself, she even sold some of the things she made at the Woman's Exchange. She attended Sunday school with great joy.

There is a picture that the visiting teacher long remembered with satisfaction—of Millie, sitting in the family kitchen enveloped in a pair of her father's overalls, bathing May's newly arrived "little, weeny baby" in a monstrous tin clothes tub, holding the squirming mite with exquisite care as well as breathless joy, while Mrs. Flanders looked on from her dishpan with a faint smile. "It's funny how he goes out to her," she commented. "I never thought she'd git to doin' things like that. She's as good with him as any of us."

One would be glad if the facts of Millie's story would warrant bringing it to a close with this picture. Miss Parker, however, carries in her

memory later pictures of Millie, far less pleasant. She had feared from the beginning that this state of affairs was too good to last—in fact she believed it was an intrinsic part of Millie's problem that it could never be solved with the means at hand. As was said earlier, she had realized that having to count the school out as a therapeutic agency meant seriously lessening Millie's chance for ultimate adjustment. The child continued to go to school every day, to find there a meaningless environment, to face unhappiness, futility, defeat. Millie's entire school life was lived behind that dark cloud. Accordingly, Miss Parker was not surprised to have the superintendent say after a year that he felt it best to expel the girl from school. Although she feared the child's family could not cope with the problem which Millie's increased leisure would bring, neither she nor the superintendent could honestly feel that there was any excuse for insisting that she remain, especially in the face of the school board's distinct opposition. Accordingly it was settled that Millie should stay out of school, and Miss Parker had a long talk with Mrs. Flanders about her added responsibility.

Millie's home, however, proved incapable of handling the situation. Miss Parker was slowing up her car late one afternoon, preparatory to

picking up a couple of little school children who were marching sturdily homeward ahead of her down the dusty road. Suddenly, a huge jagged rock whizzed down between them from a bank above, just grazing the ear of one. The visiting teacher got out of her car and looked up. High above them on a projecting cliff was hunched a bony little figure—head forward, thin, rangy limbs and wild mop of hair starkly silhouetted against the sky—Millie. When she saw an adult, the child ran off with long, ungainly leaps, laughing shrilly. "Like some avenging spirit," the visiting teacher thought to herself, as she put the terrified children into her car. And as she chugged homeward with them through the dusk she could not help thinking that Millie was indeed proving a nemesis to her community which had made no provision for her; she was evening up the score with this place in which she lived for its inability to help her in her great need. And, when last heard from, although the combined and persistent efforts of Miss Parker, Millie's family, and irate parents of the community did do something to alleviate the situation, Millie was continuing, in one way or another, to even up the score.

ARITHMETIC AMONG THE STRAWBERRIES

WAS it just that she was so pretty? Those enormous velvety eyes set in a white sensitive little face, a face which reflected the tiniest shade of feeling as water reflects the light. Was it something else about Bonny—that tremulous eagerness? She was always delighted with anything new—a new process, a new book, a new subject. She was *so* anxious to please, *so* anxious to do right, to do just what you wanted—in fact, so anxious that Miss Booth, her teacher, often had to pull the other way. "But what do *you* say, Bonny?. . . But *your* way is right, too, Bonny." Often it was right, moreover. A fine little mind had Bonny, mind that could look unafraid at Hornbrook's arithmetic, that fairly gobbled up history facts and delighted in the mazes of long spelling words. She was no prude, either. She had lots of naughtiness in her. But Bonny's naughtiness, like the rest of her, was straight and clean. There was something sturdy about Bonny's naughtiness that contrasted strangely with her fragile physique. Never had she shown this quality better than in that affair with Editha

Barnes. When Editha had egged all the other children on to taking off their shoes surreptitiously one by one and banging them on the floor, and then when discovery and scolding time came—oh, amazing and humiliating fact—there were Editha's round little patent leathers buttoned tightly on her fat little feet, and there was Editha's ever-ready angelic expression, "But I don't know what it's all about!" And all the other children were sitting aghast, speechless, tricked. But Bonny, cheeks flaming and eyes blazing, looking too utterly absurd in her shoeless feet, with those hideous purplish stockings that she always wore, rushed right up to Editha. "You horrid, horrid, Editha Barnes! You're a cheat. Nothing else. That's what you are. I'd like to slap your face for you good. I would. I don't know but I will. . . ." By that time Miss Booth had reached them. The moment Bonny was naughty, she became transformed. It seemed as if in the place of a delicate little girl, a husky red-blooded little boy was before you. Miss Booth had to confess that naughty little boys were easier for her to manage than naughty little girls. There was no doubt that she did have an awfully soft spot for Bonny.

Teaching, like every other work, has about it so much that is hard; its full share of discourage-

ment, defeat, of soul-wearying, patience-trying experience. And then suddenly with the Bonnies and those like her come some precious experiences, beside the unutterable significance of which all the difficulties seem to melt completely away. Bonny had been more than an occasional passing experience. Miss Booth had known the delight of piloting this child steadily onward from the fourth grade until now, when she was approaching the end of the eighth. And what a task it had been! It had always meant so much more than simply teaching her. More, too, than helping her in her relations with the other children, helping her to tell the truth, to form regular habits of work. It had meant also tussling day after day and week after week for the right to do these things. No one who has not taught in the country can know what the nature of this tussle is. Morning after morning as soon as spring came, Bonny would hurry in late, her eyes heavy and lustreless, her white hands shaking a little. "Strawberries again, Bonny?"

"Yes, Miss Booth."

Many mornings there would be no Bonny at all.

How Miss Booth dreaded the coming of the warm days for all of her children. But it was the hardest for Bonny. The hardest because Bonny was the most delicate and because she loved study-

ing the most and because she was made to work the hardest. The only way in which it was possible to associate Bonny with the kind of home she came from was by realizing that the huge dull-eyed man she called "Daddy" was not her daddy at all but an uncle by marriage. Mr. Darby, Bonny's uncle, was not an ogre. He made Bonny stoop hour after hour in the strawberry bed because he honestly thought it was the best thing for her. Getting strawberries from the ground to a box had meaning for him, getting facts from a book to a head had none. He had little enough use for it in the case of boys, and as for girls. . . .!

By the time Bonny was in the fifth grade, the divergence in point of view about her between Miss Booth and Mr. Darby had begun to show itself. Miss Booth had her eye on high school for the child. Whatever Bonny's forebears had been, dull as her aunt and cousin seemed to be, Miss Booth was sure that lurking somewhere in her background was a love for study. However far down the ages it had come, she did not know; but she did know that Bonny had the blood of true scholars in her veins. Accordingly, she made it her business, in the face of all odds, to prepare Bonny for high school as thoroughly as she could possibly be prepared. There was no doubt that

this teacher, like many teachers, was an incorrigible optimist. She had seen enough children—big boys and little boys, big girls and little girls—do well in school, forge ahead in their books under her guidance, and then as they approached their fourteenth birthdays suddenly get sucked into nearby strawberry beds, potato patches, or corn fields, as the case might be, and never be heard from again. Yes, surely Miss Booth ought to know. Why should Bonny be spared, Bonny who was so little and suggestible, and who lived beside such a big strawberry bed?

It was strange the way Miss Booth simply refused to entertain the idea of this outcome for the child. Perhaps she expected someone to come down out of the sky in a flaming chariot and bear Bonny away to high school. Anyway she was determined that if such a benevolent supernatural individual should appear, Bonny should not be turned away from the door of high school simply because the Hilton School had not struggled quite hard enough to get her across its threshold.

Of course as Bonny grew taller and taller and that fourteenth birthday drew nearer and nearer, the difference between Miss Booth's point of view and that of Mr. Darby grew more and more

BONNY

pronounced. On the one hand, Bonny's interest in books increased, her memory, her reasoning power improved, she showed greater and greater signs of originality; but with these powers came others. Her fingers grew longer and firmer and surer, they moved faster and faster among the strawberries. Oh, the effort it took to get Bonny ahead, the notes that were sent, the messages that traveled back and forth—"Bonny cannot be excused"—the hour after hour coaching so Bonny could keep up with her class. Many a time an attendance officer traversed the long lane to the Darby truck farm. And, of course, all this trouble, all this expenditure of effort and time and ingenuity had made Bonny and Bonny's continued education mean still more to Miss Booth.

How had she ever gotten Bonny up to the eighth grade, on to the middle of the eighth, and then almost to the end? Miss Booth really didn't know. One thing she did know—having gotten so near the goal, Bonny was going all the way, Bonny was going to graduate. That she should not graduate seemed quite as strongly fixed in Mr. Darby's mind. Thus those final examinations became the last and fiercest battleground between Mr. Darby and Miss Booth, who stood for such different things in the life of Bonny. It seemed to Miss Booth as though Mr.

Darby must surely be guessing her motive and be deliberately trying to thwart it. This was by no means the case, however. Mr. Darby had no reason to fear Bonny's passing those examinations. He knew she would never reach high school. Even if her help were not needed with the work he could not think of affording the money for the books. It was the education law and not hypothetical chariots that concerned Mr. Darby, and he knew perfectly well that after she was fourteen that law made Bonny his—that her fingers would be as firmly attached to those strawberries as if they had been chained there. He was simply keeping Bonny away because this particular year of our Lord had sent to him a singularly rich, profuse, and luscious crop of strawberries. Save them, save them. What did a few grades more or less matter? Bonny late, Bonny absent, Bonny excused from exercises to take her examinations, Bonny staying after school to take more examinations. Finally, they were all safely passed but the arithmetic. If Bonny should be absent today. . . ! Miss Booth knew the child fully realized the importance of getting there. Bonny would do her very best, but if that big "Daddy" should say "no"! . . . He must have said it. Eight-thirty, nine, nine-thirty, ten—no Bonny. Arithmetic at ten-

thirty. A sudden thought crossed Miss Booth's mind. She had completely forgotten it. Bonny's birthday! Did she say she had a birthday on the twenty-fifth? That would be Saturday, tomorrow. She would be fourteen, out of reach forever.

"Emma, will you please come here for a moment? Emma, I want you to take this group for the morning."

"But, Miss Booth. . . ."

"Now, Emma, you want to be a teacher. Here is a fine chance for you to practice. You've taken the class when I was here and I know you've got it in you to do it. Just keep your eye on Bobby Haynes and I'm sure everything will be fine. Remember, I'm absolutely sure of you."

Then she set out, papers in hand, for the Darby Farm. She got a "lift" which helped a lot, for the road wound up hill a good deal of the way. At eleven-twenty she pulled into the Darby lane. There was no use hunting up Mr. Darby. The only hope was that he wouldn't be around. No, he wasn't. Now to make for the strawberry bed. Yes, there in one corner was a tiny stooping figure.

"Why, Miss Booth!" Bonny looked so worried. "I couldn't help it. Daddy . . ."

"That's all right, Bonny. I understand. You just find a piece of board or something to sit on. You can take this arithmetic right here and now."

Bonny's face lighted up. Then it clouded over again as she pointed to a half-filled berry crate. "But I've got to get this full by the time Daddy comes back at twelve. What will I do?"

"That's all right," said the now icily determined Miss Booth. "I'll pick the berries. Take this fountain pen and pad, and go sit on that saw-horse over there. Here are the questions." And Bonny wrote while Miss Booth picked. On and on they went; writing and picking, writing and picking, while the sun climbed higher and higher. Once Miss Booth said, "Don't get nervous, Bonny, I'm sure you're doing well. See, the pail's getting full too." So Mr. Darby, "Daddy," turning into the lane at twelve, met a triumphant Miss Booth coming out carrying in her hand a grade of ninety for Bonny, and in the rear was a smiling Bonny carrying in her hands eight boxes fairly brimming over with their crimson contents.

As was natural, Miss Booth felt a distinct depression after her triumph, a depression which increased as the summer wore on and she realized

that Bonny was becoming more and more of a fixture in the farm work. She inquired in Marburg, the county seat, as to homes where Bonny might board and go to high school, but found none. Then in the fall, when she had quite given up, after the fashion of story books her chariot of fire arrived. One would never have guessed it was a chariot of fire. It looked like a trimly dressed young woman with a pleasant voice who called herself a "visiting teacher."

"Oh, yes, I remember. The superintendent told me you'd get around here this fall. I remember he said you'd help with problems. Problems. . . . Well, I have a problem for you, Bonny Marley, she's certainly the biggest problem around here. I wonder if you could do anything with a case like that."

"What a pretty name. Is she anything like her name?"

"She is exactly like it. We *must* do something about her." And then Miss Booth launched forth into a long account of Bonny, ending with: "One of the most serious things is that I am positive she can't stand the physical strain of the amount of farm work that I know her uncle is going to put on her."

"Well," said Miss Carpenter, "I do hope we'll be able to get her to high school."

"I'd quite given up hope," replied Miss Booth. "You make me feel better. Have you had harder problems?"

"Problems that looked harder on the surface," answered Miss Carpenter. "But, of course, you don't know till you get into things. I'll see the family at once."

"I wonder," said Miss Booth to herself after her visitor had left, "if she'll be able to do anything? Of course, she is trained for this, it's her work and she gives all her time to it. . . ."

It was some weeks before Miss Carpenter had a definite report about Bonny. "I really believe it's going to work out all right. It certainly looks very promising. My, she's a lovely child."

"What did you do? I know how Mr. Darby feels. And not a place in Marburg will take a child to work!"

"No, I didn't find a place in Marburg but I went to Alton Hill. You see, there are three high schools in the county and with a machine I had a wider choice."

"Oh fine! And how about Mr. Darby?"

"Well, bringing him around is proving a very slow process, but I have been working intensively on him for a long time. You see, Bonny has other relatives in this county, though

they live miles away. An aunt on her mother's side lives out on the Breckinridge road. I've been seeing a lot of her. She lives so far away and has been so busy that she hasn't visited the Darbys for a long time. She had no idea of Bonny's situation, either of her overworking, or of the fine mind she has. When I told her about everything, she was anxious to help. At my suggestion she visited Mr. Darby and used all the influence she had. She told him she thought it was fine that Bonny had been brought all this way in her schooling and urged him to let her go the rest of the way. She also discussed the situation from the practical standpoint, showing that, with Bonny's lack of physical strength, she was in danger of breaking down. She showed how much more help a more husky person could be. We were able to get Phil Baker, an agricultural student, to offer to do the work very reasonably. It won't hurt his big, sixteen-year-old fingers a bit. Mr. Darby saw that with Phil he wouldn't have the item of food and clothes. Finally the aunt offered to bear the expense of Bonny's school books, and this turned the balance."

"Well, that seems just wonderful. And Mrs. Baker tells me it was your idea, too, for Phil to go to agricultural school."

When Miss Carpenter came back still later to report that Bonny was to start high school in January and that her only regret was that the child should have had to miss a term, Miss Booth simply said, "Well, if Bonny Marley goes through high school I won't know what to think. I guess I'll believe in star dust or something."

"How about the star dust you put into Bonny?"

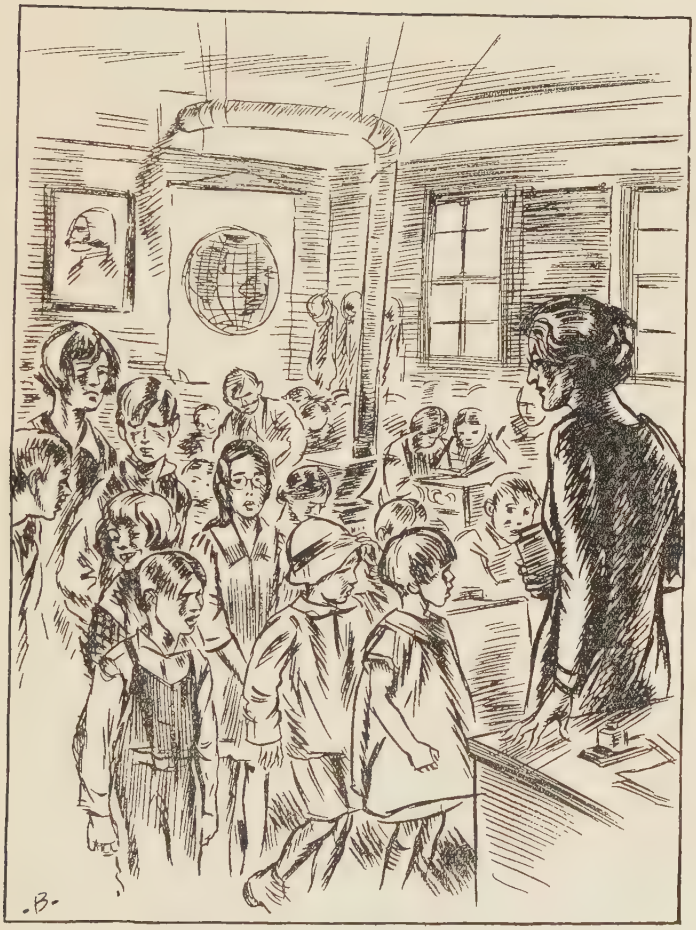
"Well, I guess sometimes they need more than one kind."

"UNTO THE FOURTH GENERATION"

THIRTY years a teacher in the Hickock School! Think of it! Think what those eight words say. Over that same identical road, every day for thirty years, back and forth, crunching along the railroad tracks, round the bend by Martin's mill pond, over the bridge across the dam, through the short-cut by Drakes' Lane, then up the little path to the school. Thirty years. Year after year seeing the same changes along that road—the glory of forsythia bordering the dam, later the riot of daisies, buttercups, and clover along the track, later still the glowing golden-rod in the lane. Then all shrouded in white—time to get the old cutter out again. Year in and year out seeing that same pond; now a welcome relief in the parching days of early September or late June, now reflecting the tender young green of spring trees, then dead white—still—gleaming—winter. Every day for thirty years standing in front of that same blackboard, behind that same desk. Using the same pointer till the varnish wore off, seeing the school steps give way five times in the same place, using at least a ton of chalk.

Think of it! Think of what you have seen and known in those years—of the panorama of life that has rolled on before you. Every fall bringing its fresh crop, little wriggling mites. Uncertain, crossing those worn steps with questions in their eyes. All, all tamed, brought into line. About two months does it. Growing, growing, till they fairly darken the little door and the stiff desks won't hold them any more. Passing out, going on growing. Leaving, marrying, staying. Buying their own farms, having children. Then their children. Think of teaching two generations! And in the country, where contacts are so few and correspondingly so close. Why, it's like having a whole village of people right out before you, like goldfish in a bowl.

It's almost as if their brains were under glass, too, allowing you to see down into the most secret places. "There," you say to yourself as you stand before your little flock, of a morning, "they did cut a suit for Syd out of his uncle Jim's old swallowtail. And Jim always swearing he'd be buried in it. Well, what did he get so fat for then? Seems as if I never did know a person such a hound for pie. And Mark. If his cheeks get much hollower, they'll meet in the middle. Well, it's hard for a woman and boy to battle alone against ten acres of land. Oh, I could have told



THE HICKOCK SCHOOL

Madge Wiley not to marry that Dave Carter. I just knew what he'd turn out to be from the days when he sprawled out on the desk and almost shoved Matt Connolly into space. Just as he loafed in school, that's the way he's loafing all day over at the store. And Betty absent. So poor little Kate must have died. She couldn't last another day. When there's tuberculosis in a family it does seem as if they'd dress the children a little warmer." And so on and on; forward into the future and backward into the past. Each child a link in the endless chain, no child separate, no child by himself.

When the Riley boys started to the Hickock school, they started, as one might say, with the ground prepared before them. It could honestly be said that Miss Tompkins, their teacher, knew more about the Riley boys than they knew about themselves. She knew lots of things neither of them knew at all, some things they never would know. She knew just how many glasses of whiskey their grandfather could hold, and how their grandmother liked her tea. She knew—how well she knew!—just how stupid their father was. Oh, Jake Riley was stupid! Of all the slow, backward children she had taught—and she had taught a good many—Jake Riley was in the very front rank. She was not sure that he wasn't

first. He was fairly thick. He was more, his brain was a sieve. Work, work, work to get something into it; pound it in, pound it in, nail it there, take hours of time nailing it while the other children are grinning, shuffling their feet back and forth, and winking slyly. Then come back five minutes later and ask the most elementary question about it. It has all run away like so much water. A total blank confronts you. Here come the Rileys. Well, beat all if young Jake doesn't have that very same, identical way of blinking his right eye. And Slim! That stare, those projecting teeth. Oh, think of it. Two Rileys. Seven and eight now. Ten years of them at least, for they'll never be able to get through the work in anything like regular time. A decade. What a decade!

But the Riley boys didn't know. Jake with the blinking eye, and Slim with the projecting teeth didn't realize how much this teacher knew about them. They were quite unaware that this Miss Tompkins—whose collars were so very white and whose glasses were so very shiny—knew their past and their future like a book. They did not know that they were going to conform to a pattern, every inch of which was foretold. To them school was an uncharted sea. It

was full of limitless possibilities. Why, there was no telling what glories you might not grab, what fun you might not have. Almost anything might happen. You might be the one to stand up longest on a long line of children. Beat all the others at some kind of words. Like that smug little Marjorie Drake. Or you might be the one to get a fat soft leather book, like Dick Hendrickson did last year, a book that you could set on your parlor table and your mother point to when people came in, "Oh, yes, Jake won the arithmetic prize last year. He didn't even half try." Or you might even—you *might* make the baseball team. Who knew?

Alas, the Riley boys knew all too soon. As the weeks lengthened into months they saw that none of these glories would be for them. They felt themselves fitting the pattern into which it was pre-ordained from the beginning that they should fit. The process was not pleasant to them. They did not like to stand up before the class with a book in their hands and be expected to translate those funny black symbols into words. Chinese—just pure Chinese. Neither did they like to stand at the blackboard helpless, with a piece of chalk in their hands, knowing they were expected to write a nice neat sentence, "Where are my pencils, Hetty?"—just like Betty Snod-

grass'—feeling that everybody was waiting for them to make that sentence, yet knowing that the minute they raised an arm to the board some terrible letters would appear, shapeless letters, fat where they should be thin, thin where they should be fat, lopsided, lurching foolishly down hill. It was funny about writing, because at home they had both always liked to try to do it—when Aunt Em' taught them. And she had said they were pretty good, too. It didn't seem as if that Miss Tompkins thought they were anything like as good as Aunt Em' did—at anything. They were never picked out for anything. It seemed as if every child in the school had been picked out in some way—to lead marching or to pass spelling papers or to have his drawing on the board, or to recite when the superintendent came—every child but a Riley. It was funny about arithmetic, too. When Miss Tompkins called out numbers and told them to add or subtract, they could do it well enough. But later—when they had long problems. Over and over they would say, "Do you multiply or divide?" And they would ask, "Do you subtract there?" And the other children would titter. That awful, awful feeling. Something expected of you, urgently, immediately expected; a situation the rest of your kind can rise to—with difficulty in some cases, to be

sure, but nevertheless can rise to—and you can't. Just you. Everybody can do it but you. So it was that Slim looked at Jake after three months, and said with decision, "I hate school." And Jake answered with even more decision, "Ruther be hamstrung than go." But they had to go.

It was part of the pattern that they should both be left behind their class. To be "left back" was terrible in a school like Miss Tompkins' where teaching was so good that few children did not make their grades. It was not till the year was half over that they found a way out. They might have thought of it sooner if Miss Tompkins' had not been a well behaved school. Had there been any rank of offenders to join, they would have immediately joined it. As it was, their solution was purely a matter of chance. It happened about fifteen minutes before time to go home. Jake had overturned a huge inkwell—quite unintentionally. And as the ink flowed hither and yon, on to the desk, on to the floor, on to the braids of Louise in front, on to Slim at the side, and on to Jake himself, there was one delicious moment. For that one moment a Riley came into his own. As he saw the smiles and heard the titters, Jake Riley found what it was like to be something besides an object of ridicule or of pity. In fact, he tasted the glorious sensa-

tion of being sole and undisputed occupant of the center of the stage.

The Riley boys welcomed this solution as a hungry man welcomes food. It was their great chance at winning attention, at being somebody. Here was one thing they could do—their forte, their gift, their contribution—making a disturbance. Thus Slim and Jake went on and on; having exhausted the possibilities of ink, they turned their attention to balls of paper, then to pins, and finally seized delightedly upon the glorious opportunities offered by water.

This situation had been going on for three years when Slim and Jake were referred to the visiting teacher. Miss Hartley thought as they talked of this and that how alert the Riley boys' faces were. One does not usually associate such alertness with the utter doltishness the Riley boys were supposed to possess. My, those eyes could become truculent too. The word "school" acted just like an exploding firecracker with both of them. "Bang," how it set those tongues to wagging. So they didn't talk about school. They went nutting instead. As they roamed the low hills near the Rileys' farm, the visiting teacher learned a good deal about these boys, learned many things which knowing the ins and

outs of their family history for generations would not necessarily have told her; things, in short, that one can only get in other ways—in rather casual and chummy ways, like roaming the hills in search of nuts, fishing in the pond, or hiking out to Whiting's Ledges. She saw two different boys from the ones that most adults saw. Jake's blink didn't keep him from being wonderfully clever at spotting different kinds of ferns, and while Slim told you about a chipmunk he had tamed, you quite forgot about the projecting teeth. Miss Hartley also learned how much the boys simply doted on making things. Slim liked carpentry, while Jake had more of a mechanical bent. As her questions showed greater and greater interest, she watched the look of bright surprise dawn in those clear eyes and finally grow into eager, tremulous joy. Would they show her the little house they made? *Would* they? No, they'd never showed it to anybody but Pa and Ma. It was a secret. It was hid away by Ordway's Creek. They'd go right now. Sure. Will you just look at the neat little door? Real hinges. Look at the little rooms: two of them, with a partition, rafters, and the flooring cunningly fitted together. The house was mostly Slim's work. Now for the surprise, Jake's. Will you look at that faucet? Battered to be sure, but

it turns. There. Real water. A mill, a little one, the creek furnishes the water. Where did they learn about this? They found out how to make the house themselves. The mill idea Uncle Seth told them about.

"And listen. Mebbe he will help us make a *radio* when he takes us to Woolworth's up to Hickock's Center."

Of course Miss Hartley knew that she must work on the immediate situation in the school. The tenseness in that room must be relieved without delay, if only temporarily, for the sake of all concerned. She worked on this problem in various ways. She talked to the boys and to Miss Tompkins. "Come on now, boys," she said to Jake and Slim, "just think of Miss Tompkins' point of view. Just think how hard she has worked all these years to get the children in this part of the country through their work. Why, she sends well prepared boys and girls to high school every year. The high school teachers talk all the time about how glad they are to get Hickock graduates. Think of the other children. You're really taking time and attention that belongs to them. At least five want to go to high school this year, and how are they going to get ahead if you are holding back the whole school

this way?" She called into play various devices. She had the boys report to her each week. The situation did improve somewhat. Miss Hartley had realized from the beginning, however, that at best this kind of work would merely secure temporary and immediate relief, that it was only dealing with the situation on its outer edges, so to speak. Suppose the boys did reform, suppose they were changed over night into angels. Unless their work could be improved, what would be accomplished? At the root of their difficulty was this sense of failure, a thing which was bound to be reflected in some way if not in misconduct in school. Think of the future of these boys. Write heavy and black the word "Failure" on the consciousness of any child of seven, then rewrite and rewrite it, make it so heavy and black that it casts a shadow on all later impressions—what warpings of mind and emotion must not eventually result?

Suppose all the time that this had been unnecessary? Just suppose the Rileys were not quite so stupid as everybody had thought? From Miss Hartley's experience with the boys she was practically sure this was the case. But she must be one hundred per cent sure. A psychological test was, therefore, a key. Such a simple thing, and holding such limitless possibilities for the Riley

boys. Why, it might just smooth out at one stroke their difficulties and those of Miss Tompkins. It might show that the boys had good minds after all, or at least much better ones than their teacher believed. Get it, get it right away. Yes, get it. How could anything possibly interfere with a simple thing like that?

"No, you aint a-goin' to ask no questions like that on a piece of paper off o' Jake an' Slim. No, you ain't." The noise of Farmer Riley's hairy, gigantic fist coming down into the palm of his hand sounded like the report of a pistol. It takes a good deal to surprise a social worker, but Miss Hartley was surprised. The conversation up to this moment had been friendly in the extreme. Now, if it had been a tonsil operation, or a visit to the dentist or the oculist . . . but this! "Why, Mr. Riley?"

"There ain't no why. I just don't want it. I say no. I tell you you're wastin' your time here." From the way his eyes strayed to a half-plowed field Miss Hartley gathered that he thought she was wasting his time as well.

There was nothing to do now but wait. She must ascertain what lay behind this man's strange determination to block his sons' chance, before approaching him again. The explanation

came in a roundabout way. "Seems Jake Riley says you're trying to prove his boys crazy, just like that Miss West that came around here year before last," said Mrs. Howell, the mother of another of her cases, one day. As Miss Hartley began to explain, she met the same type of opposition she had met in Farmer Riley. She did get greater frankness, however. "We all thought Miss West wanted to send some of the kids up to York—to the hospital for mental diseases. It certainly did look that way."

"Did she send any?" asked the astounded Miss Hartley.

"I should say not. She didn't get the chance. Now I hope you're not going to start it."

Miss Hartley knew this kind of predisposition too well to attempt to fight it at the present time. She knew she might as well try to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to dislodge Farmer Riley's opposition to mental tests. What was the way out? The only thing that seemed possible was far more difficult to accomplish than giving the test. In fact, it seemed almost out of the question. It was to convince Miss Tompkins of the desirability of taking a different attitude toward Slim and Jake, at least to the extent of trying them out in the grade ahead for a while. This experiment would be very apt to show the mental calibre of the boys.

It would remove the factor of discouragement and defeat, thus leaving them free to exercise the brains they really had.

What means did Miss Hartley have by which she could convince Miss Tompkins? Haphazard things, the clearness of the boys' eyes, the eagerness in their faces, that fine little house, the homemade faucet. These things and the boys' ready responses to questions she asked them, questions casually given and casually answered. How could she make these things win out against that deadly weight of evidence, that information extending back for thirty years, taking in grandfather, uncles, aunts, and cousins; this information and the boys' own blunders day in and day out in school? Nor must the inevitable irritation resulting from their behavior be discounted. Well, she might as well try it. The incredible had happened before, perhaps it would happen now. And it did.

Miss Hartley always wondered what it had been that had finally convinced Miss Tompkins after her four weeks of effort. She decided that it was recalling an experience of a friend of hers that had finally tipped the scales. She told Miss Tompkins of this friend's deeply rooted desire to become a doctor which had been stifled by the

apparently hostile attitude of a certain chemistry instructor in college, who made her feel that she could never succeed in any scientific work. And she found out years later that this particular instructor had been giving her high grades. Miss Tompkins had listened very quietly to this story. "It was a little that way with me," she said finally, sighing softly. "As a girl I was always set and bent to play the violin. Father and Mother were just sure I would never amount to anything with it." She laughed a sad little laugh. "'Just crazy nonsense' they said. 'You ought to do something steady like teaching.' Why, I remember I even went so far as to find I could get one for less than five dollars at Hallersville. But they never thought it was worth the price."

"Well, I do declare," said Miss Tompkins, at the end of the term, "Slim and Jake were certainly happy today when I told them they were going to be put a grade ahead. I don't believe I ever saw such joy in human faces. That is one hopeful thing anyway." Now the boys had on their side Miss Tompkins' amazing natural aptitude for teaching as well as her practised skill, Miss Hartley's outside help, and their own overpowering eagerness. It was discovered that at

the bottom of all their trouble was a reading disability. This difficulty with reading had hindered them all along the line. It had prevented them from understanding problems in arithmetic, had of course interfered in spelling, and above all had given an impression of general stupidity. This trouble with reading would undoubtedly have been discovered earlier except for the fact that the boys were quick memorizers and learned their reading lesson by heart. With increasing ability to read came increasing ability to master the work, and an interest in books began to compete with misbehavior in claiming the boys' attention. The old pattern began to be erased, and the boys started hesitatingly, uncertainly, tracing a new pattern. Miss Tompkins reported to the visiting teacher month by month that their thirties were becoming forties, the forties fifties; energies that had been spent pulling hair, shooting paper wads, and putting frogs down their neighbors' backs were being turned into very different channels.

But it was not from Slim's and Jake's improvement, marked as it was, that Miss Hartley derived her greatest satisfaction. This came when Miss Tompkins said to her one day, "Could you arrange in any way to have a psychologist come out and test the children next year? I believe

pretty soon this community will be ready for tests in the school, and I intend to put them in at the first possible moment. I don't want any more Slims and Jakes if there's any way of avoiding it in the future."

HOW ELIZABETH HELPED STONY GAP

ELIZABETH'S story is in a sense not her story at all. Anyway it is not particularly her story. It belongs quite as much to other people —to about sixteen miserable children in the Stony Gap school and to several harassed teachers. It was Elizabeth, however, who started it all.

Elizabeth was one of those children you never called "Betty" or "Betsy" or" Bess." You called her "Elizabeth," and you saw to it that every syllable got its just due. A monstrous pair of horn-rimmed glasses swallowed up most of Elizabeth's little face. Her schoolmates, however, liked Elizabeth. The teachers liked her even better. Among themselves the teachers called her "the Gentle Reader." The name suited her to perfection. Reader she was. She literally devoured every shred of reading matter on which she could lay her hands. This, however, as any one who lived in Stony Gap would know, did not mean that she devoured very much. There was no danger of one's getting mental indigestion on the thin fare provided by Elizabeth's school.

The library in Stony Gap was for high school students. After a while Elizabeth got so she knew the books at home by heart, in fact, she believed she could say them backwards. A copy of *Farm and Fireside* became an old story to her the day after the R. F. D. man had dropped it into the box, and so there Elizabeth was.

During the first two years she had been in school, life hadn't been so bad. Here were new worlds to conquer. It was fascinating not only to read out of the reader but to write and to figure and to spell. Elizabeth loved pushing bright red and green balls over a wire frame, always being sure that she would push the right number, and knowing the children were sure she would, too. It was delightful, also, to make a pencil do what you wanted it to—"writing" just like Ma and Pa. It was equally pleasant to hear the teacher ask a hard question and then say, as she often did after vainly seeking the right answer from all the others, "Now let's hear the correct answer. Elizabeth, what do *you* say?"

By the time two years had passed, however, things weren't so fine. After all, being the quickest and most accurate and most intelligent in the little world of your classroom is not fun when you have become completely and utterly used to it. Just like other things, like being king for

instance, it comes to lose its savor. Thus in time it got quite terrible to hear over and over recitation of lessons you knew perfectly—to hear Walt stumblingly tell the world that he was "a modest violet in the dell," when you had learned about "poppies in the field" ten pages on and could even say part of *The Village Blacksmith* on the last page. It was terrible, too, to wait for May to discover the, to her, amazing fact that four quarters of an apple made two halves, when you knew perfectly well not only this but a lot about eighths and even sixteenths. Thus as Elizabeth looked around her little kingdom—at the rows and rows of children, every one of whom knew less than she did—as she looked at the bare desks and the dingy walls, she became decidedly bored.

Being bored is an extremely dangerous state for any child. It may lead anywhere—to conceit or disorderliness or laziness. It is apt to lead to unpopularity, too, serving as a wall which separates a child from his companions. Thus Elizabeth's third grade teacher, Miss Bliss, began to be disturbed by certain faint but unmistakable signs that the child's fundamentally kindly nature was changing. She noticed the way Elizabeth's nose—what could be seen of it under the huge glasses—was beginning to rise ever so slightly into the air each morning about the time

she reached the school yard; noticed a habit Elizabeth was developing of swishing her skirt as she went up the aisle to write on the blackboard, and a way of expressing her irritation when things were being explained to others by heaving audible sighs or fiddling with her pencil or patting her foot on the floor. Miss Bliss didn't know what to do about Elizabeth. She knew the child was in a hard position. She knew also that it would help a great deal if she could give her more individual attention. But Miss Bliss had thirty-five children and two grades. She simply had to direct most of her attention to the Walts and Mays who weren't getting things. Superior children like Elizabeth had to shift for themselves more or less. Miss Bliss decided the best thing to do would be to refer Elizabeth to the visiting teacher.

The psychological test which Miss Stevenson, the visiting teacher, gave Elizabeth bore out what had seemed only too evident before—the child must have more to occupy her energies. The obvious thing to do, of course, was to promote her. Miss Stevenson wished, however, that this was not necessary. She knew that promotion was by no means the best solution for the child. More activity was undoubtedly needed, but not more activity along academic lines. Although

Elizabeth was precocious mentally, other sides of her nature had not developed in proportion. There would be no danger that the deadly feeling of superiority would overtake the child in a sewing or a cooking class. Mrs. Ware, her mother, had showed Miss Stevenson some of Elizabeth's sewing and it had consisted mostly of a mass of knots and tangled threads. It had been extremely difficult to interest her in either sewing or cooking. Activity of this sort would be splendid for her. Other handwork would be excellent also. An additional argument against promotion was her immaturity on the social side. Thus Miss Stevenson was sure that widening Elizabeth's course of study in the third grade where she was, rather than putting her in an advanced grade, would be the best plan to pursue.

Unfortunately, however, to widen her course in this way was quite out of the question. Hoping for an enriched curriculum in the Stony Gap school was like hoping for water in the desert. This condition was by no means the fault of the educational authorities. It was a tax situation and nothing else which condemned the children of Stony Gap to a barrack-like structure, crowded classes, and a thin curriculum. In this township ninety-eight per cent of the money that went for the upkeep of the schools came from the pockets

of individual farmers. In Red Hill township, on the other hand, which was located only a short distance from Stony Gap, sixty per cent of the school money was paid by a railroad company. The school of Red Hill was a regular palace—all windows, with an assembly hall, a conservatory for agriculture, and never more than twenty-five children to a room. The difference in these two schools illustrates the fact that sometimes it is the distribution of the tax burden rather than the factor of a community's interest in education which determines the type of school to be found there. The visiting teacher knew then that it was useless to hope for much change before Elizabeth was out of school. It was about all the people of Stony Gap could do to stagger along under the load of taxation necessary to keep the school as it was. The only way out would be to put Elizabeth ahead.

Her mother, an alert and interested woman, had already suggested this. There was another and more serious bridge to be crossed, however—that of putting an additional pupil into the fourth grade where Elizabeth would have to go. Miss Bliss had a crowded room, but Miss Tiffin's . . . ! The visiting teacher always remembered the first time she had seen this room of Miss Tiffin's. She had visited it at about one o'clock

and the children were just marching in from recess. On, on they came, that endless procession, from pert little Elsie at the head of the line, who looked about eight, to hulking Tom, who was bursting out of what was surely a suit for a fifteen-year-old, at the end. She had counted "46, 47, 48"—jamming, squeezing into the little room where desks were placed so close together that it seemed as if the stouter children could never pass between them. Think of what it means to keep them all interested and alert! It had seemed to Miss Stevenson that this teacher had about the tiredest eyes she ever beheld. "Yes, three grades," Miss Tiffin had said. "We keep hoping every year it will get down to two but it never does." Then she had smiled wanly. "Do you know, I've come to believe Heaven will be a place where there is only one grade to a room."

While the principal was considering what to do about Elizabeth, Miss Stevenson went to see Mrs. Ware, the child's mother. In preparing Mrs. Ware for the fact that what she wanted so badly for her child, what, under the circumstances, they all wanted, might be impossible, she tried very hard to present the teacher's side of the question. She went into details regarding the size of the load that not only Miss Tiffin but several other

teachers were carrying; she described the numbers of children, the small rooms, the tired teachers, the mountains of papers to be corrected. She tried her best to put the situation vividly, but had no idea how well she had succeeded. Before a decision had been reached as to Elizabeth, Mrs. Ware came to the visiting teacher's office. Her eyes were shining with excitement. "Do you know, Miss Stevenson," she said, "I've been thinking of the things you told me about the school. I simply can't get those over-worked teachers out of my mind. I keep remembering your saying that you wished we could do something to help." The visiting teacher was sure she had never definitely expressed this wish but could not help being pleased that her description had thus been translated by Mrs. Ware. "Do you know," went on Elizabeth's mother, "I have a plan—a plan that would at once help the teachers and fulfill an old dream of mine. I taught myself before I was married and I always loved it and hoped the time would come when I could manage to go back to it. I am as happy as I can be in my home, but you see Elizabeth and I like books and learning in the same way and you know you just can't be entirely satisfied by practical things if you have a mind for books. I wonder if this isn't my chance. My husband's

quite willing for me to offer to go to the school and relieve those teachers for an hour a day. I know it's not much time, but don't you think it would help?"

"Help," answered Miss Stevenson, "if it could be worked out the teachers would believe there were fairy godmothers or something."

The visiting teacher was quite right about the teachers' eager acceptance of the idea of an hour's relief a day. The school board, too, was enthusiastic. Miss Stevenson then discussed at length with four teachers whose rooms were the most crowded, how best that hour of help could be utilized. Finally it was decided that a special class in which the children could receive help in making up back work would be of most fundamental assistance. Between them the four teachers counted up sixteen children who were seriously behind in their studies.

"Look around the room," said Miss Tiffin, whose class Miss Stevenson was visiting one day. "You can almost pick out six who are not able to keep up, without being told who they are. There's Michael Sprague, second from the end in the first row, staring at the wall. He's one. And Dorothy Bigelow behind him, she's another. She's looking out of the window. Then, there's the leaden-eyed girl in the second row, Katie

Perkins. Her head's in her book to be sure, but the chances are the book's upside down. Notice little Dick Hawley across from her, too. See, he has a wicked gleam in his eyes. I know that look. In just one minute he'll be up to something. Not one of those children is doing fourth grade work at all. Three of them can hardly do that of the first grade. They have all gotten so far behind that they have almost lost hope. They have needed a little extra help from the start, but with so many children I simply haven't the time to give them. Can't you imagine what the situation is? That group is like a dead weight, dragging, dragging. I don't know what it is about it that's the worst. Sometimes I think it's the disorder they cause, sometimes it seems to be the way trying to help those children keeps me from giving the others the instruction they need. But I guess what bothers me the most is the continual realization I have way down deep that they're not learning anything—the continual wanting to spend on them extra time I haven't got to spend. I don't believe there's anything more really wearing than the constant realization that you can't do your job properly—a job that's right there under your nose every day, crying to be done. If any one could bring those children up on their work it would be the biggest help that could be given us."

Then, just as the special "make-up" class was about to get under way—as so often happens with the best laid plans of mice and visiting teachers—this one went completely "aglay." Ill health made it impossible for Mrs. Ware to consider taking on any outside work.

"I always believed it was too good to be true," was Miss Tiffin's only comment.

But Miss Tiffin proved to be mistaken. That year nothing happened, but it is hard to kill an idea like Mrs. Ware's. There is something vital about it. The following fall a board member of the Stony Gap school appeared one day at Miss Stevenson's office to say the board had decided that "those teachers just had to be helped." It was hard, he said, to squeeze money out of the treasury, but the board members felt that they simply owed it to the teachers to pay somebody to help those children.

So before long all the children who had been dead weights in their respective rooms—Michael and Dorothy and Katie and Dick and twelve more—gathered together for an hour's help a day, and before many weeks had passed the teachers could not say enough in praise of the special "make-up" class.

How about Elizabeth? What became of the child who had unconsciously started all this? Elizabeth was promoted, and the challenge of more advanced work put to flight her boredom and all its manifestations. Miss Stevenson felt, however, that it was even more important to develop the child along other lines. She consequently devoted considerable time and effort to the work of bringing Mrs. Ware around to this point of view. Concrete suggestions proved helpful. At Miss Stevenson's advice Elizabeth joined a junior garden club that had just been formed at Stony Gap and was given sole responsibility at home for a batch of fifty Leghorn chickens. Before long the definite improvement which she saw completed the work of converting Mrs. Ware to the idea of an all round development for her daughter. In a few months Miss Stevenson had the satisfaction of knowing that many hours that had been put in by "the Gentle Reader" over a book were now spent in very different ways—chasing Madge and Sue and others around the barn or feeding the chickens or "helping mother with the housework" or digging in the garden. Before the year was out Miss Stevenson was able to make this entry in her record book: "Elizabeth Ware—9—Adjusted. Case closed."

HOME AND SCHOOL FACTORS IN MALADJUSTMENT

HOME AND SCHOOL FACTORS IN MALADJUSTMENT

NO REAL picture of the farm home can be given without describing some of the many advantages it offers as a place in which to bring up children. Someone has said that the explanation of the large percentage of successful individuals who have come from farms lies in the tendency of the rural environment to develop the sturdier virtues of initiative and responsibility in boys and girls.

Compare the two worlds which confront the child of the country and the child of the large city at the time when each is just emerging from babyhood, leaving behind him that period when, as William James has said, everything is "one big buzzing blooming confusion," and beginning to stand on his own feet both physically and spiritually. The city child at this time in his life is wheeled or carefully taken by the hand over the crowded streets to some nearby park, or if his parents are too poor to afford this care he plays indoors or in court or street, always under the watchful eyes of his mother or older sister or brother. All outdoors is the playground of the

rural child, however; he can toddle here and there by himself almost as far as his diminutive legs will carry him; in addition to the world of grass and trees which the city child finds in that park, he finds chickens, hogs, cows—everything to challenge him, to awaken his curiosity and interest. He has a chance to experiment, to try things out, to run after the chickens, perhaps to attempt to mount a calf or a sheep. Of course it cannot be said by any means that the urban environment does not have its peculiar advantages, that it is impossible to develop initiative there; it is simply that the freedom on the farm is highly desirable. Then, too, there is the factor of the presence of adults. In the city, because children must have older people about in the interest of physical safety, it is easy for them to seek and to receive help. In the country, on the other hand, they can be alone more and thus have to find solutions for their own difficulties.

As the child grows older he begins to assume definite responsibility in the work of the farm; he is part of a productive industry at a time when many city children have no vital cares. Usually the city child's only responsibilities are those connected with school, and the duties, often manufactured, of helping around the house. Although the country child does not have as many ready-

made toys as the city child, he has the materials with which to make playthings—hammers, nails, boards, bits of iron, and what not. While the city child is amusing himself with wooly dogs and cows, the rural child is helping to care for live ones. The extent to which progressive schools try to reproduce an environment which will stimulate the child to self-activity as the farm does, is an interesting commentary on the value of farm life to the child.

It is hardly necessary to dwell here upon the strength of the family tie in rural sections. It is generally agreed that the family is a stronger institution in the country than in the city. A common interest in the work on the farm tends to hold various members of the family together, while in the city a variety of influences is pulling them apart. Isolation must also be a factor. The family is apt to seek recreation as a group, either going somewhere in the family automobile or sitting in the living-room or kitchen.

Certain defects in farm life grow out of its very virtues. Consider, for example, childrens' participation in farm work. This has been admitted to have a beneficial side. The stories have shown, however, that it has another side—that of child labor on the home farm. Many and many a rural school is like those of Clem and of Bonny, com-

peting each year with a cornfield or a strawberry patch or a vegetable garden. No one can fail to sympathize with the parents in this matter, however. They drive the children, it is true, but they themselves are driven by a sterner master—necessity. With frost threatening his potatoes or a field of fast-maturing crops facing him, his child's education is likely to seem relatively remote and unimportant to a man. Often the crops mean the child's food. Education is a thing which apparently can wait. If Johnny can't go to school this year his father feels he can always go next. What he does not always realize is that it is quite as much a case of now or never with children as with crops. Education which is not offered at a period in a child's development when he can receive it is apt to be permanently lost.

Work crowds out play even more truly than it crowds out schooling. Many farmers still consider play as a luxury and as encouraging laziness and frivolity. It can truly be said that the way in which the farm home in certain sections of our country is over-shadowed by its barns and outhouses is in a way symbolic. Often one has to search for a while for the farm house itself, and then finds it tucked away behind huge barns, chicken houses, and corn cribs.

The tendency on the part of some rural parents to maintain too rigid a control over their children is illustrated in the story of Clem. It must be said, however, that Mr. Hawkins' severity was so extreme as to be unrepresentative of rural parents in general. The domination of the home by the occupation is partly responsible for this tendency on the part of parents and particularly of fathers. The father is not only the head of the house, he is at once foreman, "boss" of the workers, and manager of the farm by which the family makes its living.

Isolation undoubtedly increases this tendency toward over-domination. Families living in close proximity act as a check on each other's tendencies. A farmer, however, has no standard as to the control of his children with which to compare himself; his tendencies can grow upon him unheeded. Undoubtedly, too, the over-domination is an exaggeration of that fine aspect of country life spoken of earlier, namely, the strength of the family tie. At certain times family interests probably crowd out the interests of the individual. Whatever its cause, the tendency toward over-domination among parents in the country was found by the visiting teacher to manifest itself in a variety of ways. Some of these, as for example controlling wages and withholding

spending money, gave rise to serious problems as the children approached adolescence.

It is a satisfaction to dwell upon the many-sided improvements which are continually being made in the rural schools of the country—improvements alike in the external aspects of the schools and in the type of education which they offer. The dismal interiors are being replaced by cheerful ones; walls are being brightened with paint and pictures; libraries, musical instruments, and kitchenets for the preparation of hot lunches are being installed. More important changes are accompanying these. The curriculum of the rural school is being vitalized in many ways and is being adapted to rural life. Music, nature-study, agriculture, poultry raising, home economics, manual training, and other courses are being introduced; new and better methods of discipline are being adopted. The schools are also learning to utilize some of the splendid natural resources which lie at their doors.

In general, the solution of the rural educational problem has been found in the abandonment of the one-room school and the establishment of the consolidated school, where community resources are pooled. In certain sections of the country, however, as in Vermont, where the transportation

situation makes consolidation impracticable, the problem is being worked out by improving the one-room school.

In the counties from which these stories came there are schools showing both of these types of improvement. The rural visiting teachers agreed that the school systems in these three counties were in general well above the average for rural communities. "Within the group, however," said one worker, "they vary immensely, ranging up and down the scale of educational standards. There is a one-room school two miles from my office pitifully lacking in everything that makes for real education. Follow the dirt road for five miles on toward Craig Falls, however, and you will find a far better one, with adjustable desks, cheerful papered walls, a jacketed stove, and a well-trained, experienced teacher. A few miles over to the west is an up-to-the-minute consolidated school." The stories showed that there were in these above-average school systems conditions which caused maladjustment for children. They illustrate the problems of many of the twelve million rural children in our country.

Because the efforts expended on improvement have been directed largely toward consolidation, some of the most serious rural educational prob-

lems are to be found in the one-room school. Many people are familiar with the picturesque "Little Red School House" of the past or with the outside of the one-room schools which exist today, but few people except the teachers and children who spend their days in schools of this kind realize their short-comings. At its worst this school presents a dismal picture—a dilapidated building with dingy walls, a fly-specked map here and there its sole equipment, rigid desks into which the larger children have to fold themselves like jack-knives while the younger ones' legs dangle helplessly in mid-air; windows on both sides of the room and an enormous unjacketed stove occupying important center space.

One visiting teacher remarked that the heating system of the poorer type of one-room school frequently offers a laboratory for the study of geographical zoning, as the children at the back of the room have a good deal of first-hand contact with the arctic regions, while the ones in front become well acquainted with the torrid zone. The row of lunch boxes usually reposes in the arctic zone, and the children often open them at noon to find half-frozen sandwiches.

The visible drawbacks of these schools are accompanied by invisible ones. The curriculum is in many instances still narrow and bookish,

teaching is formal, and discipline is rigid. Children go from a world where the matters of paramount importance are those of potato planting, stock feeding, milking, and the like, to one whose concern is none of these things, but which seems to be mainly concerned with lists of dates and of battles which occurred at some shadowy period, with events in the lives of shadowy people, and with curious arithmetic problems about hypothetical men laying hypothetical bricks. Regardless of the type of curriculum or of the teaching methods which are in force, however, consider the difficulty of doing real teaching when one teacher is expected to handle several grades at once, sometimes to teach over twenty-five classes a day, and not infrequently to do the janitor work in addition to the running of this eight-ringed intellectual circus. Consider, too, that there is usually no provision for the Elizabeths and Millies of the school—those whose mental stature is notably higher or lower than that of their neighbors.

The visiting teachers were enthusiastic about the courage and native ability of most of the teachers with whom they came in contact, as well as about the sincerity of their interest in children. The salary received by rural teachers, which averages $855 a year for the whole coun-

try, hardly compensates them for the work involved, the traversing of long distances, often over terrible roads, and sometimes the difficult living conditions. No wonder that teachers frequently use the rural school as a stepping stone to positions in town or city schools—and that the rural school has the added drawback of teacher turnover. Well equipped as many of the rural teachers are on the side of real devotion to their work, unfortunately only too frequently they bring to it only eighteen years or so of experience in actual living and perhaps a year or two of training in a normal school. More than one-third of the rural teachers in this country are not high school graduates.

One certainly cannot wonder that problems develop in these schools, that the Millies steal and the Elizabeths become bored. It is a tribute to the native ability of the teachers that the problems are not far more numerous and more serious than they are.

While it is the one-room school which offers the most spectacular and serious difficulties, nevertheless the consolidated schools share the criticisms which are being made by educators today. When curricula in country and city are more closely related to life, when grading is more elastic, when classes are not too large, and when there is

more adequate provision for children who belong in special groups, there will be fewer problems among children.

Those who have not had the experience can scarcely realize just what going back and forth to school means to the rural child. The general subject of rural transportation will be discussed in detail later in connection with the effect of the rural setting on visiting teacher work. It may be said here, however, that the walking, in all sorts of weather, the waiting, and the hours added to a child's day by coming to and from school are important factors in the problem. Then, too, there is a social problem connected with cooping up boys and girls for long periods in the school bus. Fortunately these transportation difficulties can to a large extent be overcome, and in many instances they have been overcome.

It is interesting to note that in four of the stories of this section—namely, those of Clem, Millie, Bonny, and Elizabeth—many of the problems involved, of home and school alike, are fundamentally problems of economics. The economic drive was behind the farm work of Clem and Bonny; although it is true that other farmers with smaller incomes than Mr. Hawkins' and Mr. Darby's are keeping their children in high school—often, however, only by means of hard

work and sacrifice for all of the family. The low state of the school treasury was responsible for the meager educational opportunities offered by the schools of Millie and Elizabeth, and inadequate funds are responsible also for some of the lacks in community resources discussed under Community Factors in Maladjustment. Real help must come from within and can come only if the farmer receives a sufficient financial return for his work. Some help in providing solutions for children's problems, however, depends on a more intelligent understanding of the situation by those outside and on an extension of cooperation between city and country communities. Improvements are needed in taxation systems and in the distribution of public revenue. Improvement will come when county seat towns and other trade centers include in their education recreation, church, and social programs, some opportunities for the farm people who, through their trade, contribute to the prosperity of the town. Country communities need the help of large city social agencies in dealing with unusual problems for which it would be impracticable to provide in smaller places. One of the rural visiting teachers in planning for a crippled child made applications to local agencies in five cities and to two state agencies for the various services needed.

One city agency replied that it was very difficult to get care in their city for a "foreign" case. Yet that city has a fair-sized quota of good citizens and several leaders who grew up in the county which this "foreign" case represented!

III

VISITING TEACHER WORK IN A RURAL SETTING

THE RURAL SETTING

THE stories told have shown many ways in which the rural setting modifies visiting teacher work, as indeed, it modifies all social work. Consider, for example, the lack of co-operating social agencies. The visiting teacher in the country is something of a Robinson Crusoe. On all sides, as these stories have shown, she finds that, if she is to accomplish results in her own field, certain work in allied fields must be done, and there is no one to do it.

Thus she is expected to help Mary overcome her feelings of inferiority, yet these feelings arise out of the fact that Mary's father is the village ne'er-do-well. Or she must see to it that John's work improves, when John, whose vision is defective, is sitting at his desk all day, thinking the R's in his reader are B's. Again, she is expected to deal with Ethel's stealing, when Ethel steals largely because she has no one to play with, no chance to play, and no toys that are hers. Or she is asked to secure better behavior from Harry and is convinced after studying Harry carefully for a time that he is of subnormal mentality. Furthermore, the visiting teacher is expected to

achieve results in a county where the nearest case work agency, clinic, psychologist, and recreation center are located from thirty to one hundred miles from her office door.

Like Robinson Crusoe the worker proceeds to get the work done somehow, doing much of it by her own effort, and fashioning a set of home-made tools for herself. As has been seen, in working out recreational problems she utilizes to the full the natural resources of the country. Children have been encouraged to study the birds, the stars, the plants; they have made collections of specimens. The attempt to develop a child's agricultural interest was illustrated in the case of Tim. Sewing and simple dressmaking have proved a boon to many. Among the most important aids to the visiting teacher have been books. These have proved an enormous help both on the recreational side and educationally.

The stories in this volume have shown some of the substitutes which the visiting teacher must use in lieu of case work agencies, such as interested individuals and local groups. Her way of getting a child to a clinic or a psychologist is usually to take him herself, and on such occasions she usually takes a group of children that need attention. She may, as in the case of Millie, find it more expeditious to transport the special

worker to the community. Many times, as with Raymond, Fanny, and Buster, it falls to the lot of the visiting teacher to do the work of home finding.

No visiting teacher should enter the rural field if she is not willing to get along with homemade tools, if she is not willing to perform services which, strictly speaking, lie outside of her own particular field. Sometimes these services are not only outside of her field but are in no way related to visiting teacher problems.

One worker records giving information on baby feeding to a mother who lived fifteen miles "back in the hills." The woman's young baby was slowly dying because she lacked the knowledge of what to feed it. Another visiting teacher writes an account of a feeble-minded woman who was on trial for the murder of her child. Because —and from all appearances only because—the visiting teacher brought an alienist to the trial, the woman was pardoned and a constructive plan was made for her. The daily records of all the rural visiting teachers contain accounts of many such instances, not all as spectacular as these but all instances where the seriousness of the need caused the worker to fling herself into some breach and to undertake work which was not, strictly speaking, her own.

All the visiting teachers called attention to certain advantages of rural work. One of these is the natural aptitude for social service which is found among rural people. The lives of those who live in the country have made them singularly well acquainted with what Karl De Schweinitz calls "The Art of Helping People Out of Trouble." They are continually helping people because there is no one else to do the things which must be done. Residents of the city are not often confronted with this kind of experience; when crises come in the lives of those who are near to them, they can call in expert assistance, can turn to the doctor in illness, or the relief agency in case of poverty, and so on.

In the country where these special workers are not to be found, people must weather things through alone. Doing so develops independence and ingenuity, and brings people together. The centering of interest in the school, previously mentioned, is another advantage of rural work. It need hardly be said that the advantages the rural visiting teacher has found do not make up for the difficulties, the set-backs, the slowness, and the failures which come because of the lack of social facilities.

A factor mentioned earlier, and one which has appeared prominently in the stories, namely, the

propensity of the rural community to ostracize, is one which is extremely difficult, sometimes impossible, to handle. Then, too, social barriers are frequently so formidable and of such long standing that it seems as though no power on earth can break them down. Workers have at times been able to overcome them, however, and when the task has proved impossible have helped both parents and children to make an adjustment to them.

Ways of dealing with ostracism were illustrated in the stories of Buster and Raymond. Because Buster's village had been devoted to him and because his "bad deeds" were very few, it was possible for him to remain in Galway, and, with the help of the visiting teacher, his own efforts to make good, and Mrs. Curtiss' kindness, to live down his reputation. Raymond's reputation, however, was almost as old as he was. There was little chance, therefore, for him to make anything of himself in his own home town. The immediate thing to do for Raymond was to remove him from his environment, and as quickly as possible.

Frequently the visiting teachers met an attitude of reserve in rural people. The physical approach in the country is in some way typical of the spiritual one—bumping one's way over wind-

ing, circuitous roads instead of shooting straight to doors in street cars or subways. The worker must be prepared for the startled, intent, questioning looks that usually greet her at first. "Who's this woman, what does she want?" How different from the come-easy, go-easy attitude of large-city families, families to whom a "lady from the school," who wants to know all about their business from when Jimmy was born to how old Rosie was when she started to walk, is an expected visitor.

Out in the silences reserves are built up—reserves and independence. The worker respects the independence, but she must adapt herself to it. She must plan her approaches with great care. Time and effort must be spent simply getting acquainted, good will must be won very gradually. She must be prepared for the slowness with which she is received, and return again and again. On the other hand, the visiting teachers all said that with rural people it is relatively easy to retain ground once won.

They all spoke, too, of a fatalistic attitude often found among rural people—"things are meant to be this way, so why do anything about it?" Doubtless this attitude explained much of the resistance which was met in parents when attempts were made to suggest measures to be

taken in their children's interest. The resistance to psychological examinations came out in the case of the Riley boys. Sometimes this resistance was met in relation to health questions—in the objection of parents of rural children to physical examinations, to medical treatment, or to necessary operations. One father in a remote community told the worker that "the Lord had given his Mary her tonsils and she was going to keep them." The mother of a child who was seriously in need of physical training assured the visiting teacher that her girl didn't need any more exercise because she got plenty riding in the school bus. Overcoming these resistances requires time, it slows up the process of adjustment.

TRANSPORTATION

A RURAL visiting teacher, when asked to state off-hand what she considers to have been the most serious handicap to her in her work, immediately answers "bad roads." Bad roads certainly run through these stories almost like a refrain, even as they do through the records of the county visiting teachers. It would have been quite as easy to stress the other side of the picture, to discuss the miles of shiny asphalt in all of the counties that make driving a delight, the remarkably quick time that can be made in certain parts of them, the splendid improvement which the last few years have seen in the transportation situation—improvement of which all the counties may be justly proud. In a sense, however, only by stressing the dark side can an adequate picture of the situation be given. Such slowness and uncertainty of transportation is a factor that does not often enter into the calculations of city people, and therefore, in order to get any consideration for it, the difficulties must be emphasized.

One cannot talk long with a county worker about her various activities without hearing quite frequently the words "if" and "but." "I will get

to Mary's this week *if* the roads will let me"; "We'll have a good meeting *if* the farmers can bring their wives into the village next Wednesday"; "*If* we can cover the ground in time, I'll get John to the clinic by ten," and so on.

Unfortunately, only too frequently the badness of the roads wins out over the efficient little Ford; the visiting teacher does not get to Mary's, the meeting is not well attended, John does not reach the clinic by ten. Imagine critical situations, situations like the one which arose in the story of Fanny, when the visiting teacher's presence at a given time in a given place is essential and several miles of hard driving intervene.

Again, as in the story of Millie, work with a case is sometimes halted for a period of weeks because reaching a home or a school is a physical impossibility. Under date of February 2nd, a visiting teacher's notebook for a certain case bears the entry: "From this date till after school closed roads were too bad for travel and visiting teacher did not see the child until May." This entry, like those of all case records, does not tell the whole story. It fails to mention, for example, a certain freezing day in February, when, in a forty-mile gale, the visiting teacher had skidded into a snow bank. Nor does it mention another day in March when her engine went dead as she

splashed into a creek that had overflowed on to the road, or still a third—the worst of all—when her Ford's wheels sank so deep in the mud that an hour's hauling of sticks and stones failed to make them grip, and she walked three miles before she could find a team to pull her out. Neither does the entry mention the great and increasing anxiety about the child's welfare which made the visiting teacher stubbornly back out her redoubtable little Ford day after day until finally she had to give up. "It's no use. I'll have to wait till the roads open."

At certain times, as in the case of Millie, the element of bad roads affects the nature of a plan to be made. If a child's undesirable environment can be changed only by much careful, intensive, painstaking work on the part of the visiting teacher—a work of changing attitudes, of building up self-respect—and if she is separated from the home or the school by many miles of bad roads, the visiting teacher may at times be forced for the child's sake to cut the Gordian knot and to remove him at once from the environment. She is functioning here exactly as a doctor functions in certain cases where he is forced to resort to extreme measures.

There are other ways in which the transportation situation affects the nature of visiting teacher

work. Carefully as all visiting teachers, and indeed all social workers, must husband their efforts, the rural visiting teacher must husband hers still more carefully. If she is to see her case once a month rather than once a week, she must devote careful thought beforehand to the problem of making each visit go as far as possible. The element of uncertainty is always present. When can a destination be reached, how good is the road? How long will the trip take? One does not know the amount of time to allow and consequently work is slowed up. It is also important for workers to take any available shortcuts in getting work done, such as using the family's Saturday trip to town as an opportunity to transact business with parents and teachers. Letter writing is, of course, important. Someone has suggested that the ability to write telling letters should be a requirement for all rural visiting teachers as letters so many times must take the place of visits.

The sheer physical strength required to do any rural work is so important that it must be mentioned. Hours of uninterrupted bumping leave one pretty fagged at the end of the day, and weeks and months of this are telling upon the strength, even leaving out of account the unusual hardships which sometimes arise, as wading through

water, walking through mud which is over the shoe tops, or receiving extremely severe jolts. Many times the worker must be up at the "crack of dawn" in order to reach a school by the time it opens, and, correspondingly, she often pulls in long after five at night, and then may address evening meetings or hold long conversations with parents.

As the stories have brought out, the long distances are by no means an unmitigated evil to the rural visiting teacher. When roads are passable or good, the county worker's trips furnish opportunity for planning and for the maturing of ideas which can only come with a certain amount of isolation and quiet. As was seen in Raymond's story, the Ford furnishes a most satisfactory means of forming acquaintance. "Giving people a lift" is an integral part of country life, and those who have ridden for miles together get to know each other pretty well. Thus sometimes what seems like "the longest way round" is "the shortest way home."

All in all, rural visiting teachers talk a good deal about bad roads but they have not been known to do much complaining. One of them said that at the risk of being accused of desiring to be called a martyr she must confess that she

rather liked them. "I like the challenges of the bad roads, the uncertainty. Perhaps most of all I like the fact that the difficulties serve to identify you more completely with your clients whose lives by and large are certainly not easy."

It will be agreed that this work, as indeed all rural social work, requires an unusual worker. It is hardly necessary to say that it requires someone who has had exceptional training and experience. No one with a limited background along educational and social work lines can meet the demands of the rural visiting teacher field. In addition, certain qualifications of character are essential. It is vitally important that she understand rural psychology, but this is not enough. She must be temperamentally attuned—be "agriculturally minded," as it has been called. Secondly, where there are few or no resources on which to draw, where ways of working must be continually adapted to distinctive conditions—economic, social, conditions of transportation—it stands to reason that a love of professional pioneering is essential. Those who like to blaze trails will derive from rural work a satisfaction which it would be difficult for them to find elsewhere. For all the elements about it, the new-

ness, the informality, the worker's isolation, the lack of a well-marked path—things which would make the task seem arduous and trying to others —for the hardier ones have the quality of splendid adventure.

IV

GROUP WORK IN SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY

SCHOOL WORK

THE last story in this book, the story of Elizabeth, contains an excellent illustration of the way in which the visiting teacher's case work broadens out into school and community activity. As with Elizabeth, so with other children with whom the visiting teacher works: individual problems increasingly bring to light larger school and community problems. In time, as she handles the trials and difficulties of Elizabeth, Fanny, Raymond, and the rest, the claims of other children become increasingly apparent to her—shadowy children, the Elizabeths, Fannys, and Raymonds of the future. She realizes that the problems of these shadowy children will as inevitably arise out of the conditions in school and community as have those with which she has dealt.

Furthermore, as in the story of Elizabeth, the visiting teacher finds herself in a strategic position in which to do her part to help solve these problems. Both her school connection and the type of work she does bring her into intimate contact with all the forces of the community which are interested in social improvement. For in-

stance, she is aware of what the parent-teacher association is doing, she keeps in touch with the program of the Monday Club, she knows the general attitude of the school board on educational matters—salaries, equipment, curriculum, and so on. Her activities are carried on in line with the interests and inclinations of these groups and of others of the same type, exactly as her work with the individual is based on a study of individual temperament and of outlook. Thus the group work is by no means conducted in accordance with any rigid, preconceived plan. It resembles less some carefully laid out pattern, with angles and curves accurately measured, than a natural growth, a plant which has spread out here and there as various factors have been favorable to its development.

Of course the most extensive development in this group work has come in the school, the center of the visiting teacher's activities.

As the visiting teacher threaded her way back and forth through her county, as she grew better and better acquainted with the difficulties of the various Clems, Elizabeths, and Fannys, as she won her way more completely into the confidence of the various Miss Robinsons, Miss Joneses, and Miss Browns who were held responsible for the education of these same Elizabeths and Fannys,

as she cooperated more and more closely with the superintendents and principals, opportunities increasingly developed for her to make her contribution in one way or another to the things already being done to improve school conditions. These opportunities were increased by the attitude found among the teachers. The eager reception of suggestions by the teachers can undoubtedly be explained by the youth and inexperience of many, by their isolation, and by the lack of supervisors of special subjects in the country. After all, a teacher who is engaged in the difficult work of teaching a one-room school which is located miles from the nearest center is apt to be glad to see any one who is sincerely interested in her work; and if, in addition, the teacher is both young and inexperienced, she will probably welcome such a person still more warmly.

Social Point of View

The stories in this book have brought out a fact which educators are increasingly emphasizing—the importance of a social point of view in teaching. Helping to develop this point of view in teachers, helping them to see the child, not only the segment of personality which he presents at school but his entire self, is one of the

most important contributions which any visiting teacher in city or country can make to the school. Workers have attempted to get the teachers to see all sides of their pupils—not only the children sitting in front of them, causing disturbances, shuffling their feet, answering out of turn, annoying their neighbors, or day-dreaming, but also the many things that stand behind these children, perhaps the desolate hours at night, the work-filled afternoons, the quarreling parents, or the father depressed over his lost potato crop. These things are really a part of the children, speak for them, trace the frowns on their foreheads, move the arms that are unconsciously searching for the freedom denied in out-of-school hours. To expect from the children whose stories have been given here, or from any others burdened by similar trials and difficulties, the same school responses as from those who are well adjusted out of school is really quite out of the question. In fact to do this is as absurd as it would be to look for those responses from children laboring under severe physical handicaps. After all, while complete loneliness or drudgery, wrangling parents, or undue spoiling, are quite different from undernourishment, diseased tonsils, or seriously defective vision, their effect on behavior is often quite as serious.

Of course the transportation factor hindered the progress of work with teachers exactly as it hindered all the rest of the visiting teacher's work. Developing a point of view in someone is one thing when one sees the person frequently and sometimes casually. It is quite another thing when contact can be made only by covering many miles of questionable road. Cooperation with the visiting teachers on individual problems is a natural and most effective way for teachers to acquire this social point of view. A teacher who has worked out ways of helping with the difficulties of various children is acquiring a social point of view through first-hand experience.

The visiting teachers realized also how desirable it was that this experience of the teachers should be supplemented, that questions of behavior, of attitudes, and of methods of handling particular children should be brought up for further discussion. Consequently two visiting teachers held weekly talks and one gave a course in the county normal school. Attendance at such classes is perhaps a better test of interest in the country than in the city. After all, teachers do not come long distances through cold and snow to classes week after week, unless they are receiving something that they really want. One

visiting teacher, when asked why she did not give up her class on a certain evening when she returned at seven-thirty after having been delayed hours on the road, answered, "How could I disappoint Miss Turner who comes every week a distance of nineteen miles?" All of the visiting teachers reported that after a time they began to observe signs of improvement in the teachers' handling of problems; cases were referred earlier, the simpler ones were handled by the teachers themselves, and more understanding cooperation was given.

The visiting teachers' chief purpose was to make these talks as practical as possible. All points were related directly to the teachers' experience. One of the major points brought up for discussion was the importance of personality traits. A simple study of personality traits was undertaken to aid the teachers in gaining an insight into the personalities of the children and into their own as well. Certain personality manifestations well known to every teacher were taken up, such as indifference, shyness, refusal to play, evidences of day-dreaming, etc. The visiting teachers made it clear that while children showing these tendencies often do not upset the classroom but are quiet and well behaved, nevertheless there is need for careful study, as their

behavior may be symptomatic of real trouble. Other manifestations discussed were defiance, stubbornness, aggressiveness, etc. It was pointed out that, while the treatment needed here may vary, in general it is advisable to stress proper responsibility to the group and to put emphasis on good behavior. The visiting teachers called attention to the fact that, while the manifestations in the different groups are so different, nevertheless the underlying difficulty may be similar.

One visiting teacher made some helpful suggestions to the teachers in dealing with the factor of their own personalities in relation to the problems of their pupils. She asked them to consider the following questions: "Why do certain children annoy you? Do they seem to want to annoy you? Do you think they dislike you? Do you think your personality and theirs conflict? Are you using certain children unconsciously as an outlet for your own emotional problems? Do you expect them to be very quiet 'the morning after the night before'? (They may not know you were out late and ate mince pie.) Do you expect Johnny to forget the sarcastic things you said to him yesterday, now that you feel better today? Talk to their teacher of last year. Does she think them defiant, insolent, and so on? Does she think they have changed since last year? Is there

a change in home conditions? Is there a physical change in the child?" The teachers were advised to think these questions over carefully, at the end of an exasperating day.

A visiting teacher in one county worked out a method of developing the social point of view in teachers through concrete experience—namely, a study of their failing children. The project was entirely voluntary. A notice was sent out by the worker, inviting all the teachers to participate. The plan suggested was for the teacher to ascertain, through visits to the children's homes, getting acquainted with physical conditions, and so forth, the reasons why they were failing, then to work out plans of treatment with the visiting teacher. Follow-up visits to the homes were made by the visiting teacher. Although the results of the project were quite striking—83 out of 185 made their grades, and the work of 28 more improved—its chief significance to the visiting teacher lay in its educational value for the teachers. All of the teachers who took part were brought into direct touch with the children's homes. They were able to study at close range some of the factors in a child's out-of-school life which militate against his success in school—such factors, for example, as the belittling of education by the parents, the grinding pressure of

farm work, which left neither time nor energy for study, and under-estimation by the parents of the child's abilities.

The visiting teachers felt the importance of helping develop the social point of view from another angle—that of recreation. In fact, they saw the school, the one place where all children gathered together under the supervision of an adult, as the logical recreational center of the rural community. Accordingly, they stimulated the teachers to assume leadership for recreation both in and out of school. Help and advice were given the teachers; manuals of games and rules of instruction for the making of home-made play equipment were distributed. One worker suggested a talk to be given on the last day of school dealing with the subject, "What I'll do during my vacation." She also suggested that the children write compositions on recreation, and she sent questionnaires to the teachers. These questionnaires contained measurements of proficiency in certain physical activities and were hung on the walls, where they acted as a stimulus to the children to improve their efficiency.

Help on School Activities

The visiting teachers gave a greater amount of assistance along the line of enriching the curricu-

lum and of making suggestions regarding teaching methods than they would have done had there been supervisors in all the counties. Where there were supervisors, work with the curriculum was left to them, except as the visiting teachers cooperated with supervisor and teacher in working out plans for individual children. At times visiting teachers suggested certain definite projects, and sometimes they initiated undertakings themselves. A most interesting project started by a visiting teacher was a school exchange. Products of children's work from different classes were sent back and forth between a one-room rural school and that of a nearby county seat. The children in the country read with interest compositions telling what their urban neighbors were doing, giving accounts of the things produced in the domestic science class and the shops. They put on their walls bright health posters made in the hygiene class of the town school. The town children in turn enjoyed the things that came in from the country—the colored grasses, the bark baskets, and the pine cones, and were delighted with the stories of curious sod houses that were made.

A nature club organized by the same worker met a very definite need. This group was started in a school where there was a serious lack of recreational activity and where the children

could be seen hanging around apathetically during recess. After the organization of the club, however, interest in school began to increase. The children became enthusiastic about collecting flowers and leaves. They made scrap-books, and later they subscribed to nature magazines. Perhaps the chief service rendered by the nature club was that of bringing teacher and pupil closer together. One worker who happened to be a musician noticed that whenever she visited the school during the music period she was greeted by a deafening chorus of nasal voices which even competed with her engine when she entered the school yard. In talking with the teachers, she emphasized the importance in teaching music, of working for tone quality as opposed to volume, and illustrated the point by means of some victrola records which were loaned the teachers for use at holiday entertainments. It should be mentioned here that the Junior Red Cross, which a visiting teacher in one county helped to organize in twenty-seven schools, proved through its various projects to be a most effective way of vitalizing the curriculum.

Help with Behavior Problems

It is natural that teachers should, from time to time, feel overwhelmed by the disciplinary side

of their work. A girl just out of her teens, a recent graduate from high or normal school, no matter how great her abilities, who faces in her first job the work of keeping from twenty to thirty children interested and alert, is quite apt to encounter some difficulties. These difficulties will not be lessened by the fact that often her pupils are over-grown boys and girls, nearly her equals in age and more than her equals in size. If she happens to teach in a one-room school, she has the extremely difficult work of keeping groups of children of assorted ages and sizes busy doing different things at the same time. Thus it was to be expected that the teachers would take up some of their discipline problems with the visiting teacher, feeling that they could be helped by a person who had herself been a teacher and who had had special training in dealing with behavior difficulties.

For example, one teacher came to report that her class seemed preoccupied with sex—that many of the pupils were continually seeing "double meanings" in everything that came up; another asked what to do about two boys whose fighting was disrupting the work; a third said that her eighth-graders were persistently defacing the walls of the school, littering up the yard, and so on. In some cases the visiting teachers handled

these particular problems themselves, in others they gave advice to the teachers as to their handling. Whatever the method, however, the goal was to help the teachers to acquire a greater insight into situations, so that, in the future, they could handle similar ones more effectively themselves.

In the case of the class which appeared to be unduly interested in sex, for example, the worker suspected that the trouble might come from an unduly "squeamish" attitude on the part of the teacher. It seemed to her that the children were taking delight in causing annoyance. She tactfully showed the teacher that the trouble was partly with herself. In a talk to the school, she told of the wealth of interesting things there are to think about, and said that the mind doesn't seem to have time for the best things in life if the undesirable ones get there first. A short time afterwards the teacher appeared at her office and said, "I have tried a different method. Substitute interests are doing the trick. Besides, I don't let myself get stirred up now over these things, and I find that the children, since they cannot annoy me, are taking a different attitude."

The worker was able to point out to the teacher who was having trouble with fighting boys how a tiny difficulty can lead to serious behavior prob-

lems. She discovered that at the bottom of all this friction between the boys was a habit the younger one had of making fun of the older one's awkwardness in shoveling snow. The difficulty disappeared as if by magic after the worker had made the simple suggestion to the teacher that the larger boy be encouraged during recess time to make snow houses, a feat in which he excelled. She also suggested to the teacher that it might be a good idea to give the boys some joint responsibility in a school activity, and when visiting the school later she had the satisfaction of seeing these erstwhile bitter enemies cheerfully hand out supplies side by side.

Another outlet was found for the energies of the children who were defacing the school walls. The boys were organized into a group which was given responsibility for the neatness of the school and found obeying the law quite as interesting as breaking it had been. The Junior Red Cross, mentioned earlier, proved a material aid to discipline in the schools where it was organized, as eligibility to wear the service button depended on the quality of a child's school citizenship.

Special Classes

It is not necessary to recall the stories of Millie and of Elizabeth to realize the acute need for

special classes in the country. Visiting teachers cooperated wherever possible in the organization of these classes. They interviewed parents, winning their consent to having tests made, and so on. The make-up class described in the story of Elizabeth is an example of the kind of work done along this line.

School Equipment

No one who has come into contact with rural schools, and especially with one-room schools, can fail to realize the seriousness of the lack of physical facilities. It is not easy to teach when the tools of one's trade consist, as they do in some rural schools, solely of a blackboard, a ruler, and the necessary text-books. It is also difficult to teach children who are continually screwing up their eyes because of cross lighting, developing headaches from the close atmosphere, or sprawling into the aisles because the desks won't hold them. No one welcomes the task of trying to secure alert interest in a new arithmetic process or the eager absorption of history facts under these conditions.

Perhaps one of the greatest needs was that of books. The visiting teachers used the state library commissions in establishing circulating libraries in the schools of their communities.

Teachers helped children to prepare rules as to the care of books, and teachers were given lists of books that could be bought with specific sums of money. In some schools, so great was the dearth of facilities of all kinds that teachers and children alike pounced eagerly on anything that was brought them, from old magazines to bright colored calendars and the gay linings of envelopes. Far-reaching and varied improvements were brought into many schools of one community by means of a cooperative community contest which will be described later.

Stimulus to Continue Education

One explanation of the small number of rural children going to senior high school lies in their isolation. The educational horizon for some of them is bounded by the eighth grade of the elementary school. High school is something distant, unexplored. The visiting teachers strove in various ways to break down this isolation, to make the high school a tangible reality to children as they cross the threshold of the elementary school. One worker achieved this end by sending out notes to the eighth graders of her community in the spring, offering to give them advice or assistance in connection with their future plans. One of the children who responded to the note

was a boy who had subscribed to a worthless correspondence course. The visiting teacher was able to show him the wisdom of exchanging this course for one in high school, and he is now doing splendidly in college. An eighth grade rally which another worker initiated was highly successful. At the close of school all eighth graders received invitations from the high school students of the county seat to be their guests at a rally. Lured perhaps by the "party" idea, numbers of eighth graders attended. To be sure they were served liberally with ice cream by their hosts, but they did not remember the refreshments so well as the talks given by high school teachers about the value of going on with their education and the extensive tour of the high school which they made.

COMMUNITY WORK

NO one who has read the present volume can fail to realize how little time these rural visiting teachers had, after they had done their individual case work and their group work in the schools, for direct participation in the development of community welfare programs. Of course they took on certain things as occasion required, such as promoting Red Cross activities and occasional community entertainments, and attempting to establish conferences of individuals and of groups interested in social progress. In the main, however, their contributions were made indirectly through stimulating individuals and agencies. Thus they encouraged state branches of certain agencies, as, for example, the Scouts, to organize in their counties, taking representatives out to various towns and introducing them to influential citizens. One visiting teacher was so active in parent-teacher work that in one community she was known as "The Parent-Teacher's Aid." It was the privilege of the writer of this book to attend a meeting of the officers of the county parent-teacher association which was organized by this worker. In all her experience she cannot

remember any meeting of this type which was more interesting and more alive, or where she saw what seemed to her more real appreciation of the ideals of social service.

One of the outstanding pieces of community work with which the visiting teachers were associated was the community contest mentioned earlier. The contest was suggested by the visiting teacher but was distinctly a cooperative undertaking. The county superintendent and assistant superintendent of schools, the county health commissioner and county nurses, the agricultural and home demonstration agents, the chairman of the county council of churches, and the visiting teacher participated. Two banks in the county donated one hundred dollars each in prizes. One prize was awarded to the community where the best provision for children existed and the other to the community which had made the greatest progress along this line during the year. The money was to be spent, with the advice of the sponsoring committee, for something that would benefit the children.

The scope of the contest was wide, as would be inferred from the lines of work represented in the group which sponsored it. Health, education, 4H Club work, recreation, and religious work were the points included. Score cards were

worked out, and scoring was done by county workers and by committees representing the various communities.

The contest was a cooperative enterprise in the communities. In order that the interests of the entire township or village should be enlisted, admission was made voluntary upon the application of adults and children representing local schools, parent-teacher associations, Granges, Farm Bureaus, church organizations, women's clubs, commercial clubs, Boy Scout troops, 4H Clubs, school and Sunday school classes.

One of the results of the contest was a better appreciation on the part of the people of comparative conditions in communities. Figures that had before remained in reports in various county offices were interpreted and made public. For two successive years a giant bulletin board bearing daily announcements of the scores was posted at the county fair. Scores were listed on this board by separate activities—health, recreation, etc.—and a total score and statement of progress made was given.

Perhaps the rousing of community interest, the cooperative effort, was of as much value as the actual results achieved. The results themselves, nevertheless, were far-reaching. Some of the communities undoubtedly would have made cer-

tain changes listed here without the stimulus of the contest. On the other hand, the present list is by no means complete, as the effect of the contest has lasted and further improvements are continually being made. The contest did not attempt to measure home conditions. It focused on conditions provided by the community. More of the results showed in the schools than anywhere else not only because teachers were enthusiastic and energetic in working for these improvements but because many of the activities of the county health and nutrition workers also center in the schools, where it is easiest to reach all the children.

In the Schools

Source of school water supply in one school changed.

Two school houses remodeled to make the light come from two directions instead of three. New shades to prevent cross lighting in other buildings where windows were not moved.

Temporary building added to one school to reduce the number of grades taught by each teacher and the excessive number of children per teacher.

Desks in a number of schools reset to fit the children, and new desks added.

School room floors oiled.

Playground space added in two communities.

New window boards installed to improve ventilation.

One stove made into a jacketed stove.

One new drinking fountain for running water, several new water coolers, and new covered pails to carry water for some small schools supplied.

New blackboards, maps, dictionaries, supplementary reading, busy work material supplied.

Hot lunches started.

Improvements of school grounds made—new walks, etc.

One school building painted outside and another painted inside and out, papered, floor furnace installed, also new windows and vaults for toilets.

Courses in home economics, music, art, manual training, and vocational agriculture added to curricula of several schools.

New school orchestra started.

Special interest and effort aroused in school attendance and school promotions.

Library books bought.

New gymnasium built in one village.

New playground equipment supplied.

Better supervision of play at school arranged for.

In the Homes

Correction of physical defects of children secured.

In the Churches

Church attendance of children increased—more than double in one community.

Attendance of children at Sunday school and young people's societies increased.

One young people's society organized.

In the Communities

New food, clothing, pig, poultry, and potato clubs for boys and girls started.

New Boy Scout Troop organized.

Library books bought.

One township and village library put on school district basis to provide adequate support.

Playground space added in two communities.

One community hall purchased by voluntary subscriptions.

Various community services performed by children's groups in churches, Sunday schools, schools, and clubs.

Valuable as are these improvements, they are no more valuable than the community spirit they elicited. Such a contest, when it fits into the program of the community, is a striking example of the way in which public interest can be roused. Any one visiting the localities can see tangible evidence of what was accomplished—can see here a playground enlarged, with its shiny new swings, there a brand new gymnasium, in another place a community hall. Partly because this township community won an award in the contest, a bubbling fountain can now be seen instead of the old well and common drinking cup. It would require more, however, than simply reading about or visiting these places to really measure the value of what the contest did. To do this, as indeed to appreciate the value of all visiting teacher work,

one must live one's life in the communities where the work was done—live and bring up children there, or better still be a child oneself.

Whether she worked with community leaders to get better provisions for children, or in cooperation with the school people to understand the needs of each child and so to make life richer for him, or with child or parents directly—helping the child himself was always the goal. Surely the children are the ones who really know the visiting teacher—they whose snarls she has helped to unravel, whose mental and emotional conflicts she has resolved, who, because there was such a person in their county, have had greater happiness in their lives, greater courage, greater consciousness of achievement, greater joy in energies released.

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